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Pet of the Month
Chanel Preston
page 56

PICTORIALS

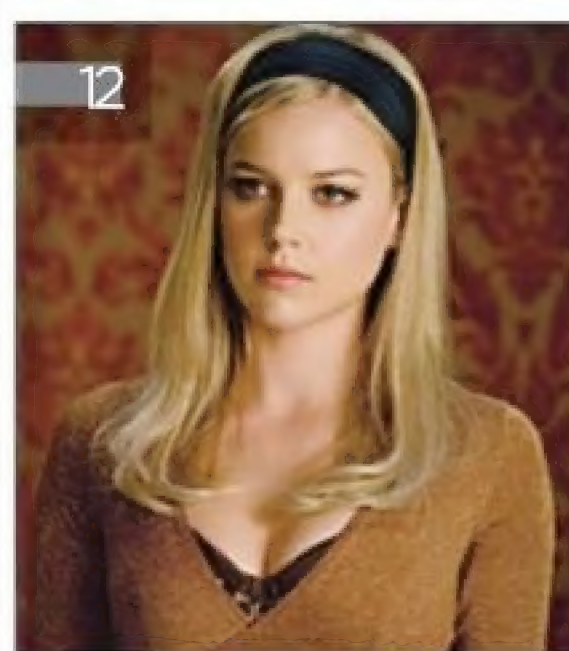
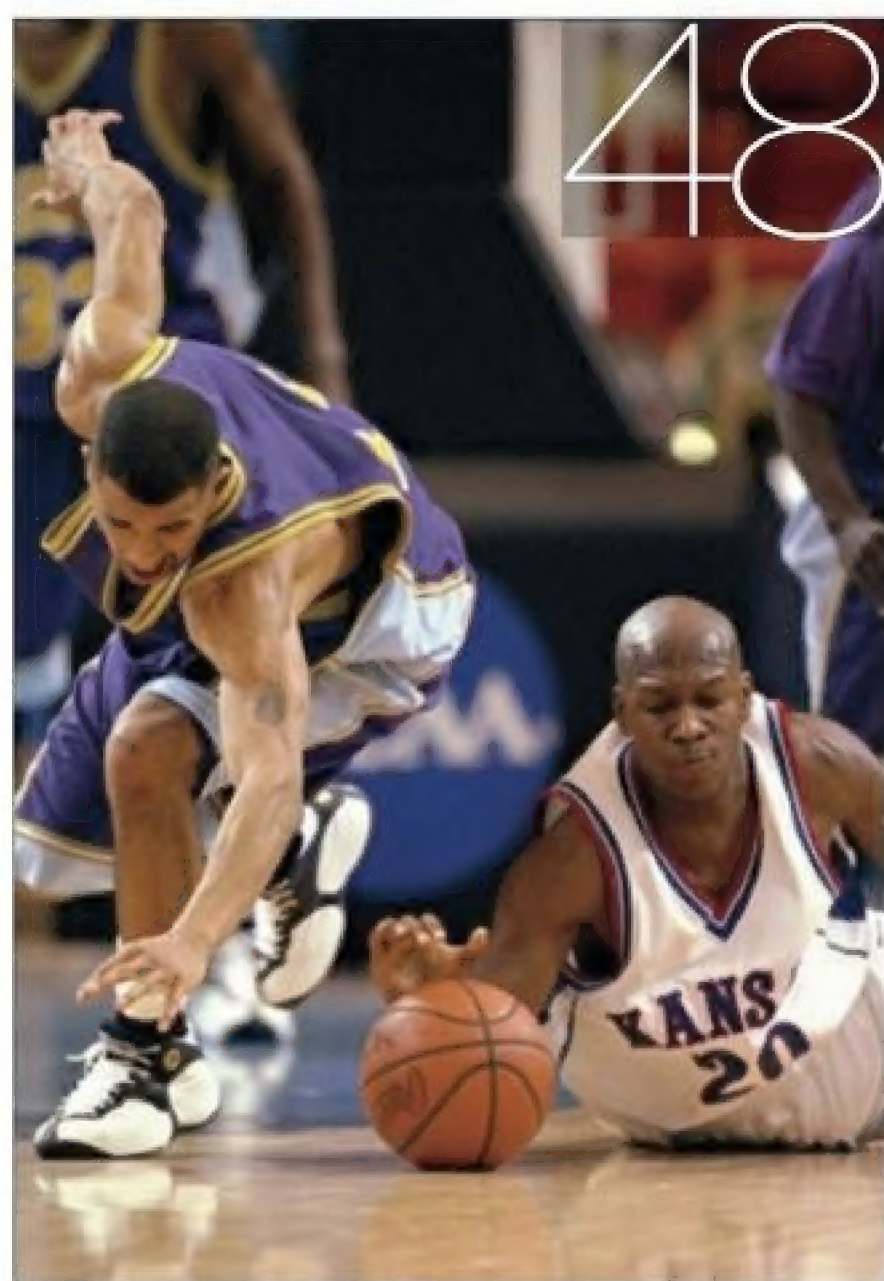
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The Only Other Thing You Will Allow Your Wife To Put in Her Mouth

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PATENT PENDING

Snow Job

Last winter we had several major snowstorms, each one leaving behind up to a foot of snow. I made the most of these storms by going door-to-door, offering to clear driveways and walkways—for a price, of course. Anyone who's had to shovel knows it's hard, backbreaking work. I'm in really good shape, but recently I learned just how good when I knocked on one neighbor's door.

The woman who answered was model gorgeous—lush and curvy, with glossy hair and a smile that made me forget why I'd knocked on her door in the first place. I'm a 20-year-old guy and I'd never had a problem talking to girls before, but one look at Mrs. Atwell ("Call me Tracy, please"), and I could barely remember my name. If I had to guess her age, I'd peg her to be around 30. She had on the tightest little T-shirt and leggings. I was staring at the outline of her nipples and awesomely firm tits when I realized she was smiling and asking me how much I'd charge her to clear the snow.

I gave her a price that was way below my usual rate, and told her I'd let her know when I was done. It wasn't easy lifting and tossing snow with a hard-on, but I managed, even when I noticed her checking me out through the bay window in the front of the house.

It was getting dark by the time I finished, and the temperature had dropped about ten degrees. Tracy met me at the door and invited me in for some hot chocolate. As soon as I closed the door she took my coat, and the hard-on that wouldn't quit was waiting for a personal introduction. It didn't escape Tracy's notice. She dropped my wet coat on the kitchen floor and reached out to cup my crotch. My aching dick got even harder as I palmed her tits. They were soft yet firm, and as I asked about the whereabouts of Mr. Atwell, Tracy unzipped my jeans, saying that we had plenty of time before he came home.

I grabbed Tracy's T-shirt and pulled it up over her head, and while she stroked my cock and gently fondled my balls, I dipped my head to suck on



her tits. That lasted all of two minutes before she fell to her knees and pulled down my pants. My cock was dripping with pre-come, and Tracy had a field day lapping it up and swirling her tongue around the head. I thought I'd hit the jackpot, but when she opened wide and swallowed me down to the root, I almost lost it. Tracy had cock-sucking down to a fine art. I grabbed hold of her glossy curls and started fucking her mouth. None of the girls I'd screwed had let me do that to

She cupped my aching dick, and while she stroked my cock and gently fondled my balls, I sucked on her tits.

them, but Tracy took it, gripping my ass for leverage.

When I was on the verge of coming, I tried to pull back, but Tracy held on until I'd shot every last drop of jizz down her throat. But Tracy wasn't finished with me. She kept sucking

and licking until she had me hard as nails again. Then she stripped off her leggings and, like a puppy after more kibble, I followed at her heels. She lay back on the couch with her legs spread open, and I was more than ready to dive in for a taste, but Tracy said we had to hurry if I wanted to fuck her. The urgency in her admission should have set off all kinds of alarms in my head, but at that moment the other head was in full fuck mode.

With one foot braced on the floor and one hand on the back of the couch, I guided my cock to her entrance and slid deep into her wet heat. Her pussy felt so good that I had to start moving immediately. I had a second to appreciate Tracy's agility as she simultaneously hooked one leg around my waist and continuously rotated and thrust her hips around my stroking cock. The woman had amazing control of her

internal muscles, and I felt them grip my dick each time I withdrew. The pace was hard, fast, and frantic, and when Tracy's orgasm triggered my release, I collapsed on top of her, too exhausted to move. But move I did, when she suddenly pushed me onto the floor, hissing something about Mr. Atwell pulling into the driveway.

In my haste to put on my pants and escape out the back door, I never received my pay for shoveling that night, but I had one hell of a time collecting what she owed me the next day, and several more times throughout the winter.—K.T., Massachusetts

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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Truly Unique

Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principles of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequalled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dashboard gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

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True to Machine Art esthetics, the sleek brushed stainless steel case is clear on the back, allowing a peek at the inner workings.

distinctive, retro look of a jumping display (not an actual jumping complication). The stainless steel 1 1/2" case is complemented with a black alligator-embossed leather band. The band is 9 1/2" long and will fit a 7-8 1/2" wrist.

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PUB CRAWL

Every Saint Patrick's Day, we draw names at work to determine who the unlucky designated drivers will be, and two years in a row my name came up. I was more than pissed, but I was unwilling to renege on my responsibility to make sure that my boozed-up friends arrived home safely.

Last year, St. Patty's fell on a Thursday and a lot of people planned on going in late the next day (or not at all), so I knew I was in for a long night. As I gathered my things, ready to head for the first stop of the evening, I noticed Michael, one of the guys from advertising, waiting by the exit. He was fairly new to the firm, but I'd had a serious crush on him since day one. I'd heard that he was quiet and kept pretty much to himself. A few of the guys thought he was kind of stuck on himself, and a couple of the regular office sluts had gone after him and come back empty-handed, so with that kind of talk I figured, why even bother?

Michael held the door for me and gave me a smile that sent a pleasant warmth through my body and thoughts through my brain that the night might not be as much of a drag as I'd anticipated. Apparently, Michael also had drawn the short straw, and he figured we could keep each other company. I figured things were looking up.

At the first stop, we sat at the bar and ordered sodas. We talked and swapped stories about nights that we'd gotten totally plastered at bars and parties, and how we'd managed to get home and still crawl into work the next day. He was easy to talk to and I still had a mad crush on him. I was sure that if I got him alone I could fuck him. I rested my hand on his thigh and leaned in close, hanging on his every word. I knew we'd be leaving for the next stop soon, so I looked him in the eye as I moved my hand higher on his leg and told him I was going to stop at the restroom.

Michael was no slouch in the brains department, and he was right behind me as I headed down the dark hallway toward the restrooms. I continued past them and around a corner, stopping in front of the manager's office. The door was locked, so I decided to take my chances in the dimly lit hall. As soon as I turned to face him, Michael shoved me up against the door and kissed me blind. His hands were all over me, as mine were on him. We didn't speak, just kissed and felt each other up and



moaned into each other's mouth. I dropped my hand to his crotch and felt a nice hard cock through his pants. I was about to unzip him when he grabbed my hands and pulled them up over my head, holding my wrists together with one large hand. His lips heated my flesh as his kisses burned a path from my lips, along my cheek, and down my neck.

I wanted to rip off my clothes to feel more of his mouth on my skin, but I had to settle for him sucking on my neck as he rhythmically ground his erection into my stomach. I moaned and whimpered, wishing I was naked and underneath him. Michael shushed me as one hand pushed my skirt up and pulled down my panties and stockings. Then his fingers were rubbing slowly back and forth through the wetness, along my pussy lips and over my throbbing clit. Without saying a word, Michael dropped to his knees and spread me open with his fingers. Then he licked and sucked as his fingers pushed into

me, pumping in and out as I moaned and humped his hand. I wanted to cry out, but whenever I got too loud, Michael stopped what he was doing.

After several pauses, Michael gave me his wet fingers to suck on as he licked and worked on my clit with his other hand. I sucked my own pussy juices from his fingers and writhed against the wall as Michael shoved his tongue into me, applying just the right pressure to my clit. I went off like a rocket, tossing my head from side to side, trying to dislodge his fingers from my mouth. All I could do was scream around them and ride the intense pleasure of the orgasm as it coursed through me. When I opened my eyes, Michael was in front of me, ready to kiss me again and share the fruits of my orgasm.

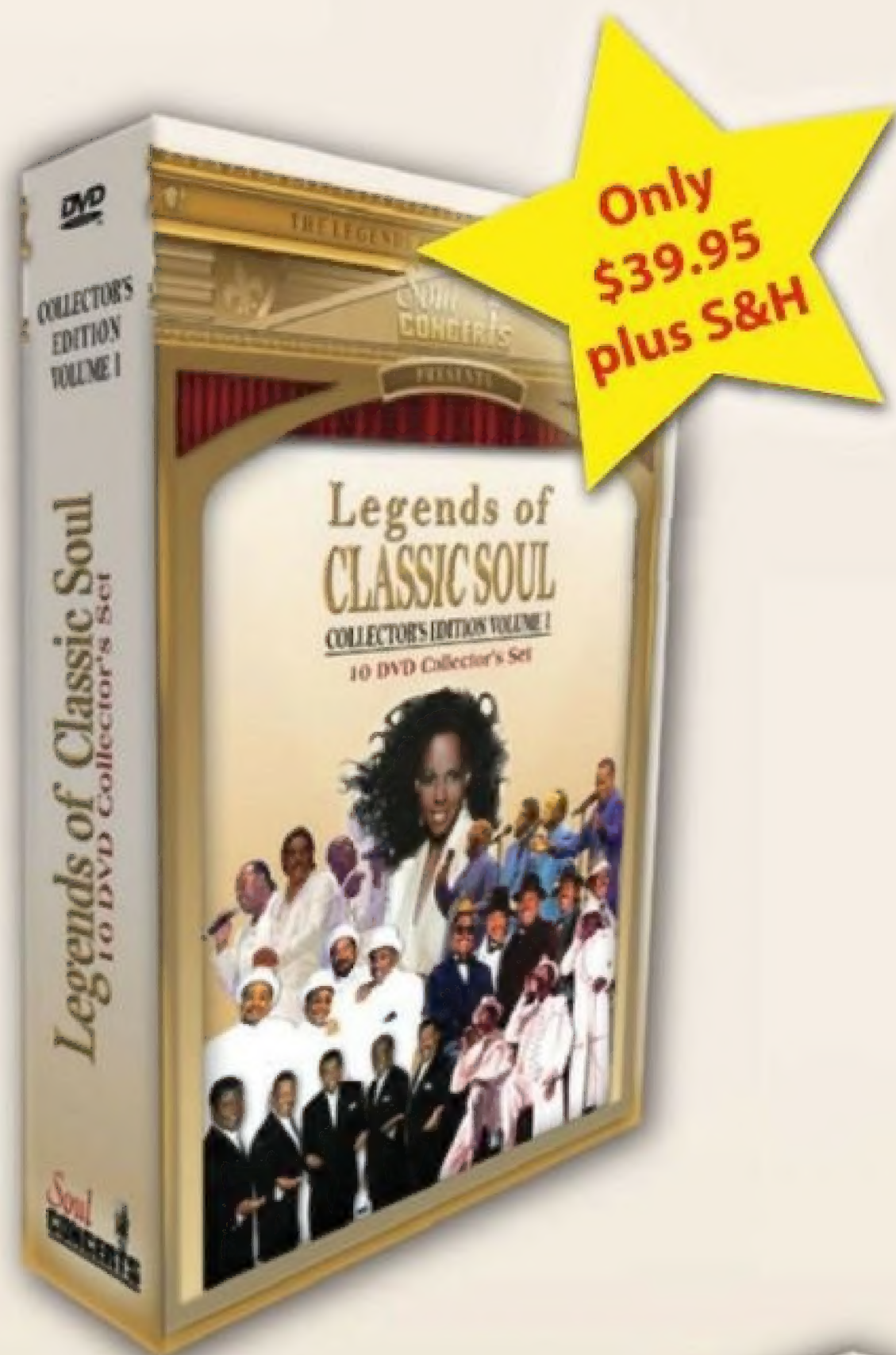
Michael helped me straighten my clothes and we rejoined our coworkers just as they were about to move down the block. I felt so wicked and so good, and so happy it was Saint Patrick's Day. At the next bar, we found a private spot and I sucked Michael off. We hit one more bar, and it was my turn again. I told Michael I wanted to even things up, so before we left to get the barflies home, I gave him my address. It's almost that time of year again, and we're still trying to even the score.—L.M., New York

More letters on page 124

Michael shoved his tongue into me, applying just the right pressure to my clit, and I went off like a rocket.

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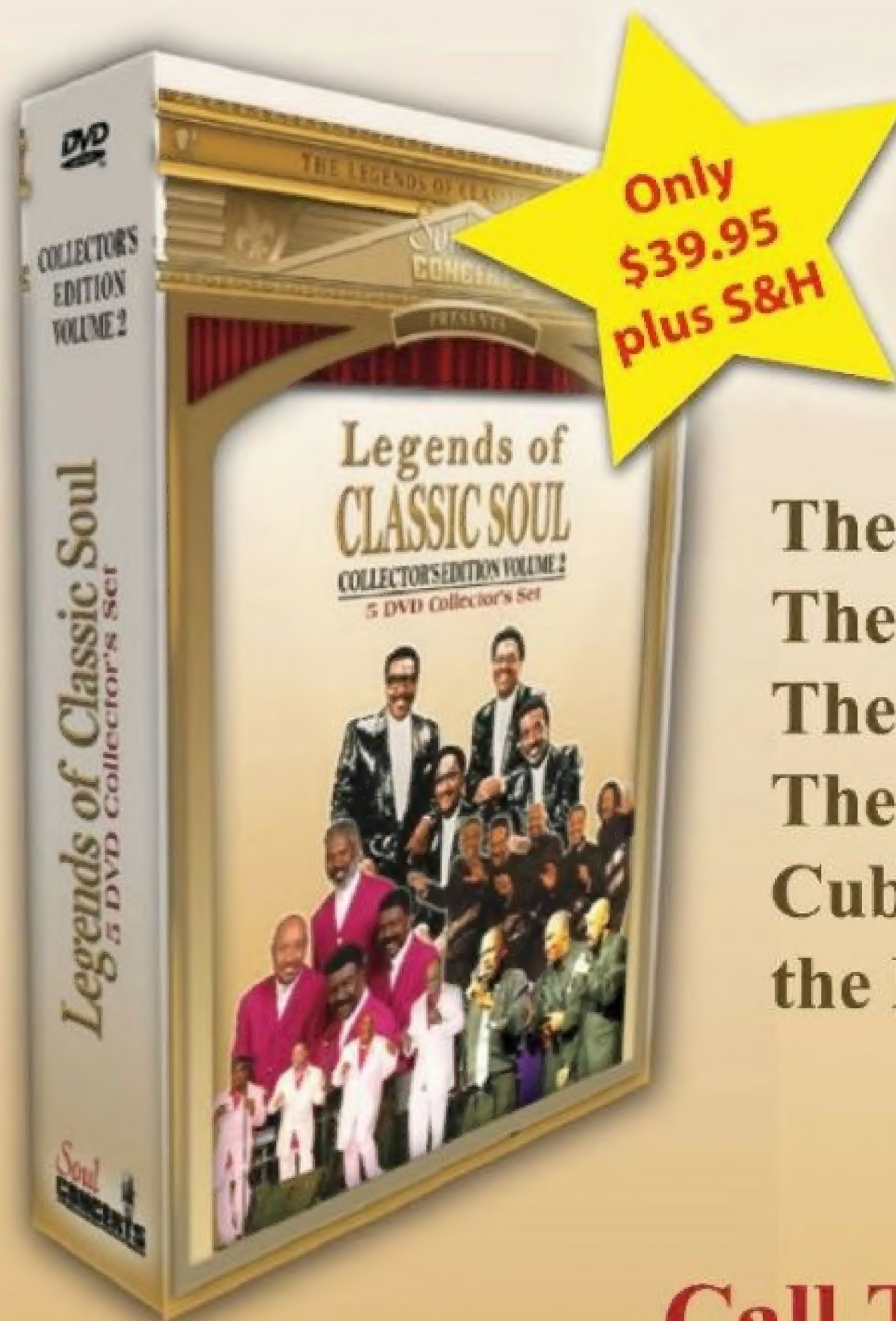


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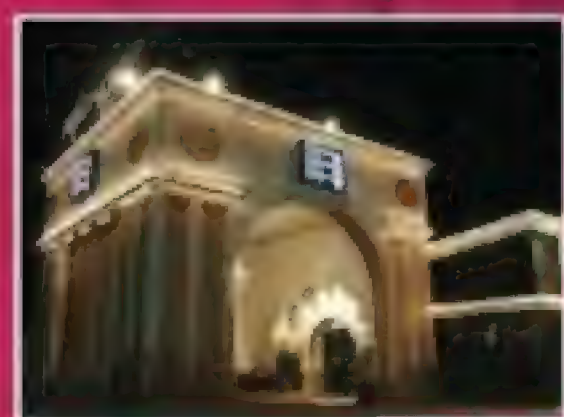
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POPASQUAT...

... and prepare to be amused as we celebrate our own damn movie awards. From artistic nudity to awkward dry-humping, from mind-blowing special effects to mind-numbing sci-fi, the Double Ds celebrate the best—and worst—shit that hit theaters last year.



OUR OWN DAMN MOVIE AWARDS



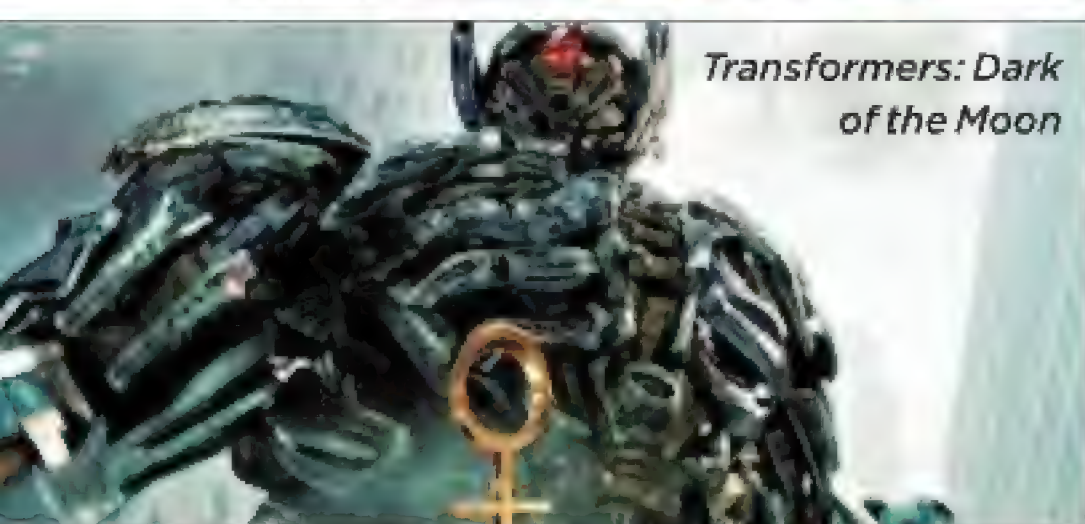
Bridesmaids



Bad Teacher



Margin Call



Transformers: Dark of the Moon



The Help

■ **BEST LAST HURRAH:** *Bridesmaids*

Our sincerest apologies to *The Hangover Part II*, but we have to give the b-party honors to the women this year. Somewhere between Annie (Kristen Wiig) calling a tweenage customer the C word and Lillian (Maya Rudolph) taking a shit in the middle of a busy street, this filthy chick flick won a place in our hearts.

■ **MOST AWKWARD SEX SCENE:**

The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn
The only thing more uncomfortable than witnessing an audience full of cougars creaming over a barely legal Taylor Lautner was the action on the screen—Bella finally sealed the deal with Edward on their wedding night, but the consummation ended in a lot of bruises and apologies. We'll stick to *True Blood* for hot vampire sex, thanks.

■ **BEST DRY HUMOR:** *Bad Teacher*

Justin Timberlake's clumsy outercourse with Cameron Diaz was cringe-inducing (let's just say the word "simpatico" should never be uttered postcoitus), hilarious, and a teeny bit voyeuristic. Faking bad sex with your real-life ex can't be an easy day on the job—we give them both props for pulling it off.

■ **WORST COCKBLOCK:** *Drive*

When Ryan Gosling's anonymous getaway driver shared a steamy kiss with his neighbor (Carey Mulligan) in the elevator, we had high hopes for a steamy sex scene—but any chances of goin' down were quashed when he realized their fellow rider was a

The Sixth Annual *Penthouse* Dirty Dozen

With billion-dollar blockbusters, can't-miss franchises, and a glut of gross-out comedies, 2011 was anything but a boring year at the box office. We're handing out Double-D accolades to the hottest, wildest, and just-plain-weirdest achievements in film this year.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF (LEFT PAGE, SLEEPING BEAUTY, ABBIE CORNISH) EVERETT COLLECTION; (ELIZABETH OLSEN, BIANCA KAJLICH) WIREIMAGE

hit man and promptly stomped the dude's skull into the ground. Mood officially ruined!

■ **BEST NUDE COMEBACK:**

Kirsten Dunst in *Melancholia*

Dunst has been laying low in Hollywood the past few years, but she finally came back with a bang—in more ways than one—in this year's apocalyptic drama *Melancholia*. Her full-frontal nude scene made up for the otherwise depressing tale of mental illness, infidelity, and planetary collision.

■ **WORST COLLEGE JOB:**

Sleeping Beauty

In this disturbing erotic drama, Aussie hottie Emily Browning plays a university student lured into working as a "sleeping beauty" at a slightly twisted brothel. Her job description entails being drugged and letting her clients do anything they want to her—short of penetration—while she sleeps. Suddenly, working the breakfast shift at the dining hall doesn't sound like such a bad gig.

■ **MOST REALISTIC VILLAINS:**

Margin Call

Forget one-legged pirates, masked slashers, and Lord Voldemort—the scariest villains of the year were the ruthless traders in this Wall Street suspense flick. The movie chronicled a day at an investment firm during the

2008 financial crisis, and the based-on-real-life execs—who basically threw the entire country under the bus to protect their own wallets—struck fear in the hearts of anyone with a 401(k).

■ **WORST SEQUEL THAT WASN'T A SEQUEL:** ***Apollo 18***

Okay, so we knew it didn't have anything to do with *Apollo 13*. But the title was so damn close and the "NASA fail" storyline so familiar that we couldn't help but expect great things. In this flick, the canceled launch is reinstated as a top-secret defense mission, but the astronauts never return. The found-footage format could have been supremely creepy—if the aliens weren't, um, *moon rocks with legs*. Lame.

■ **CHICKIEST CHICK FLICK:** ***The Help***

According to every woman we've talked to in the past year, this is pretty much the most historically important film ever made, and everyone in it deserves an Oscar. According to us, it's two and a half hours of watching our girlfriend sob-hiccup. But at least it has Emma Stone.

■ **BIGGEST WASTE OF TALENT:**


New Year's Eve

We never thought we could be bored by a movie with Halle Berry, Jessica Biel, Sofia Vergara, and Alyssa Milano—but it happened. Normally, we'd just blame ourselves for being romantic-comedy cynics, but we're pretty sure *no one* liked this movie.

■ **BEST USE OF 3-D:** ***Transformers: Dark of the Moon***

The numbers are as jaw-dropping as the visual effects: \$195 million to make; more than 70,000 parts on the Driller alone; 288 hours of CGI rendering *per frame* for one skyscraper-destroying sequence. But the paybacks were just as huge, with a billion-dollar gross and a finished product that was everything a summer blockbuster should be.

■ **WORST USE OF 3-D:** ***Glee: The 3D Concert Movie***

Watching the kids of McKinley High give our favorite songs the Broadway treatment is annoying enough (and hard to avoid enough) in *two* dimensions. 

MOVIE TITLES THAT SOUND LIKE PORN

- *No Strings Attached*
- *The Way Back*
- *Just Go With It*
- *Take Me Home Tonight*
- *Fast Five*
- *Prom*
- *Friends With Benefits*
- *Bad Teacher*
- *30 Minutes or Less*
- *A Good Old Fashioned Orgy*
- *Dirty Girl*
- *Puss in Boots*



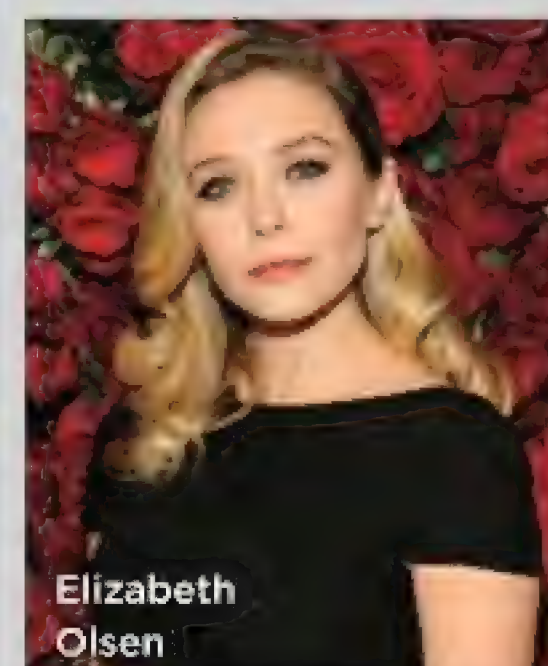
Abbie Cornish

BREAKTHROUGH BABES

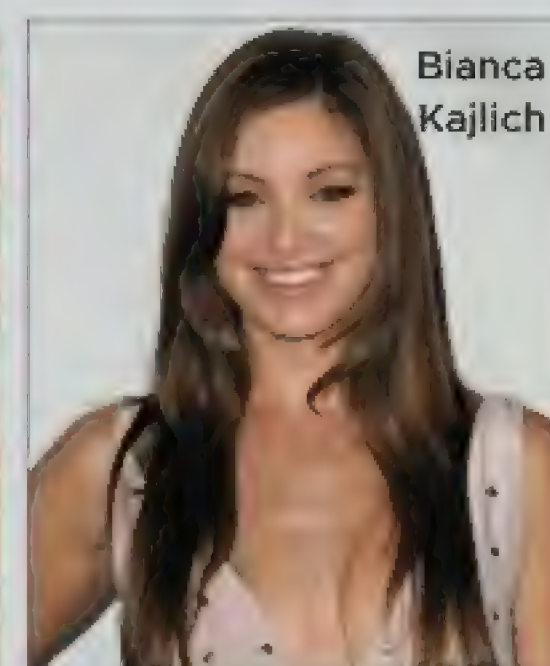
Abbie Cornish. The Australian actress had high-profile roles in *Limitless*, *Sucker Punch*, and *W.E.* And we're excited to see even more of her—especially since she's been known to strip down for roles *Down Under*.

Elizabeth Olsen. She has all the doe-eyed cuteness of her famous twin sisters, *and* she got naked in her first movie role. Hello, new favorite Olsen!

Bianca Kajlich. Known mostly for her TV roles, Kajlich got our attention (and gave our rewind button a workout) with her sexy scene as a stripper in the bank-heist comedy *30 Minutes or Less*.



Elizabeth Olsen



Bianca Kajlich



Sleeping Beauty



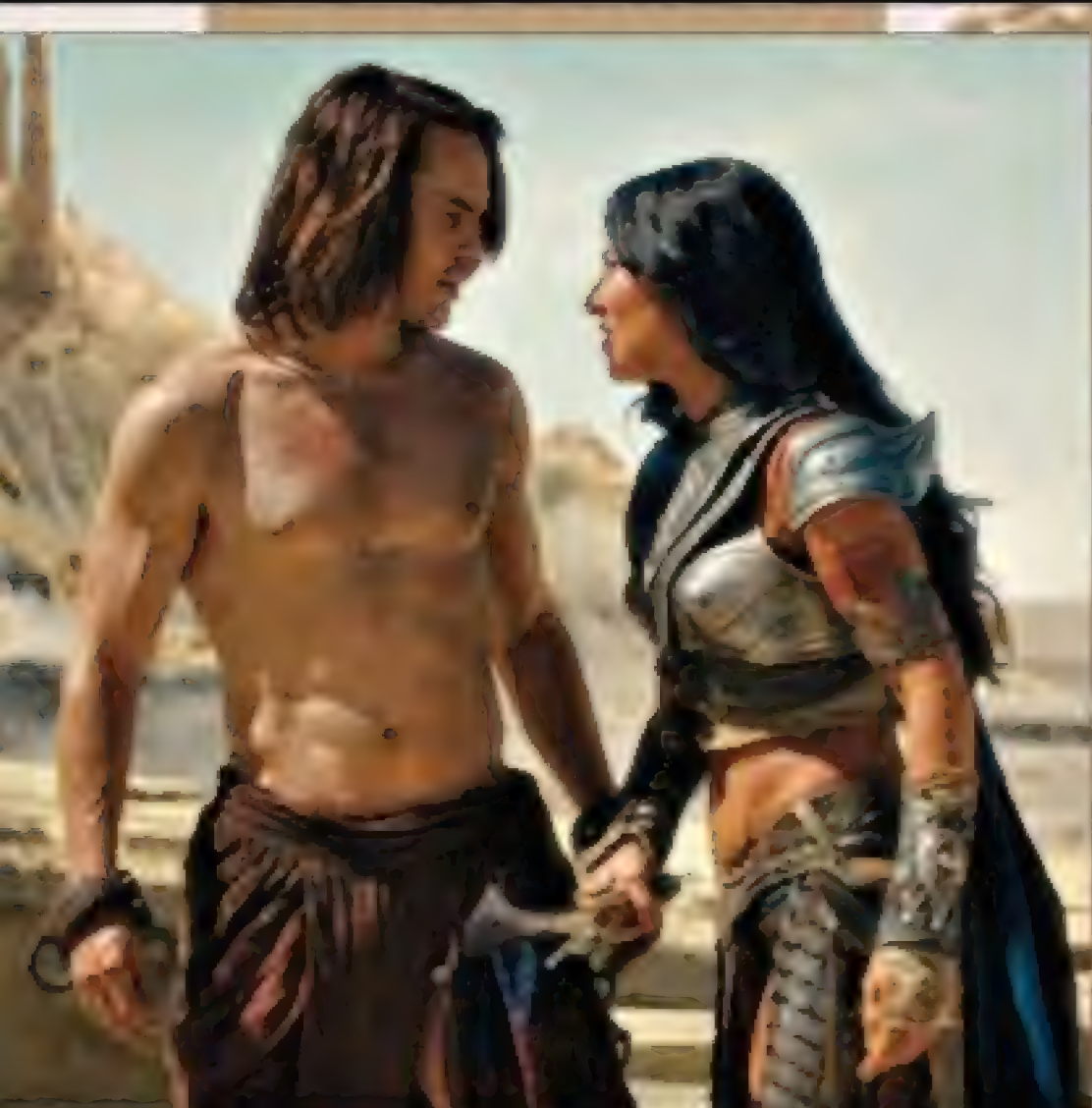
Drive



MISSION TO MARS

Famed Pixar director Andrew Stanton takes a chance on live action with *John Carter*, an epic Edgar Rice Burroughs adaptation set on the Red Planet.





John Carter

Taylor Kitsch, Lynn Collins, Willem Dafoe
He's directed only two features, but Andrew Stanton nonetheless has a track record most would kill for: *Finding Nemo* and *WALL-E* put him in an elite category in the world of animation. But all eyes are on this, his first foray into live action, where the talent isn't nearly as malleable. Stanton is adapting antique material: a 1912 tale by Tarzan creator Edgar Rice Burroughs, who imagined a Confederate soldier transported to the surface of Mars, where he can not only breathe, but also has super strength and agility, due to the Red Planet's lesser gravity. Our hero enters an armed interspecies conflict, and crosses paths with Dejah Thoris, a Martian princess.



21 Jump Street

Jonah Hill, Channing Tatum, Ice Cube

Hollywood continues to dust off insignificant detritus from the eighties crap rack where it belongs, and with this ancient Johnny Depp-Fox TV vehicle, they may have finally turned over the last, um, sun-bleached VHS box. If you recall the TV show fondly, or at all, you were once either a 15-year-old girl obsessed with Depp, or a viewer getting terminally bored with *Miami Vice* reruns. But it looks like this celluloid remake takes only the premise from the Fox show, adding doses of comic energy from Hill, a cowriter on the project. A cameo from Depp has already been confirmed by the star himself.



Safe House

Denzel Washington, Ryan Reynolds

It's training day for another white boy pinned under the mirthful glare of Washington. Inexperienced agent Reynolds is bored out of his skull in a dead-end South African assignment—that is, until Washington's notorious lone wolf is escorted into his custody. Cue several explosions and the pair is on the run, the title location no longer secure. We like the deep cast of action vets (including Brendan Gleeson and Robert Patrick), and Cape Town's harsh sunlight is perfect for lengthy sequences of highway mayhem. Mainly, though, we just hope for a few devilish put-downs from the D-Man.



Project X

Thomas Mann, Oliver Cooper, Jonathan Daniel Brown

What *The Blair Witch Project* did for horror movies and *Cloverfield* did for giant-monsters-stomping-on-Manhattan flicks, this handheld-camera comedy hopes to do for the all-night rager. That is, recast it with an immediacy that boosts its impact. Produced by *Hangover* director Todd Phillips, this one is loaded with sex, partial nudity, and young people behaving badly, especially in the final act, when the cops show up and things get truly rebellious. Call it art imitating life. (Remember that Australian kid with the "famous" sunglasses in 2008? Google it.)

REVIEW



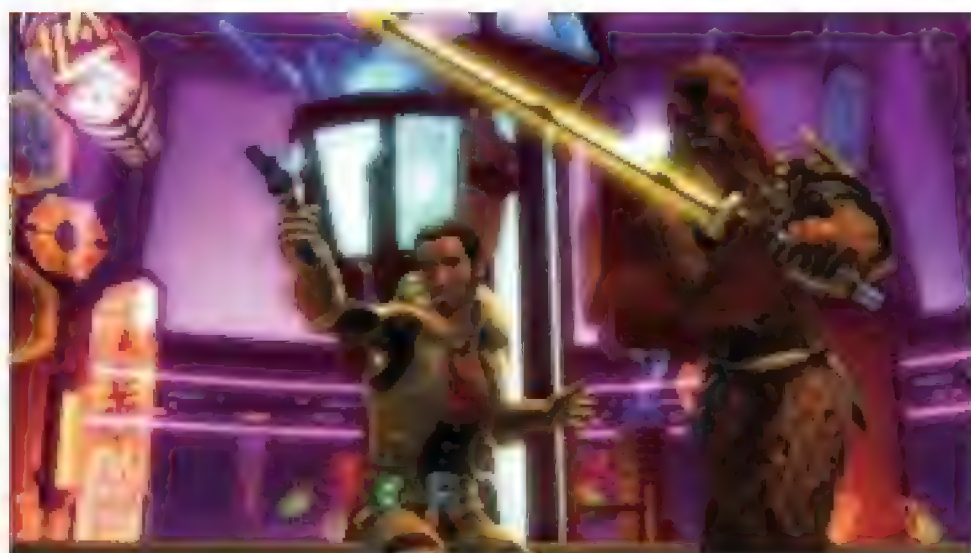
Jeff Who Lives at Home

Jason Segel, Ed Helms, Susan Sarandon

And what of the 30-year-old who still lives in his mother's basement? Hopefully, this is not you—but if it is, you could at least try to be as funny as Segel, a pothead obsessed

with the M. Night Shyamalan freak-out *Signs*, and wary of leaving his comfortable, bathrobed existence. Into the real world he goes, though, sent on an errand but soon taking up the paranoid mission of brother Pat (Helms), an arrogant middle manager convinced that his wife is cheating on him. Sporting a tone unusual for comedies—sometimes a mystery, other times an intentionally awkward dramedy—*Jeff* is very much the product of its writer-directors, Austin's Jay and Mark Duplass (*Humpday*, *Cyrus*, *The League*), who

translate their off-kilter sensibility to a larger canvas. Occasionally, the plot veers closer to Shyamalan-style coincidence than should be allowed, but there's real heart here as well, especially via Sarandon's patient parent, on a romantic quest of her own. **B+**



Star Wars: The Old Republic

ELECTRONIC ARTS (PC)

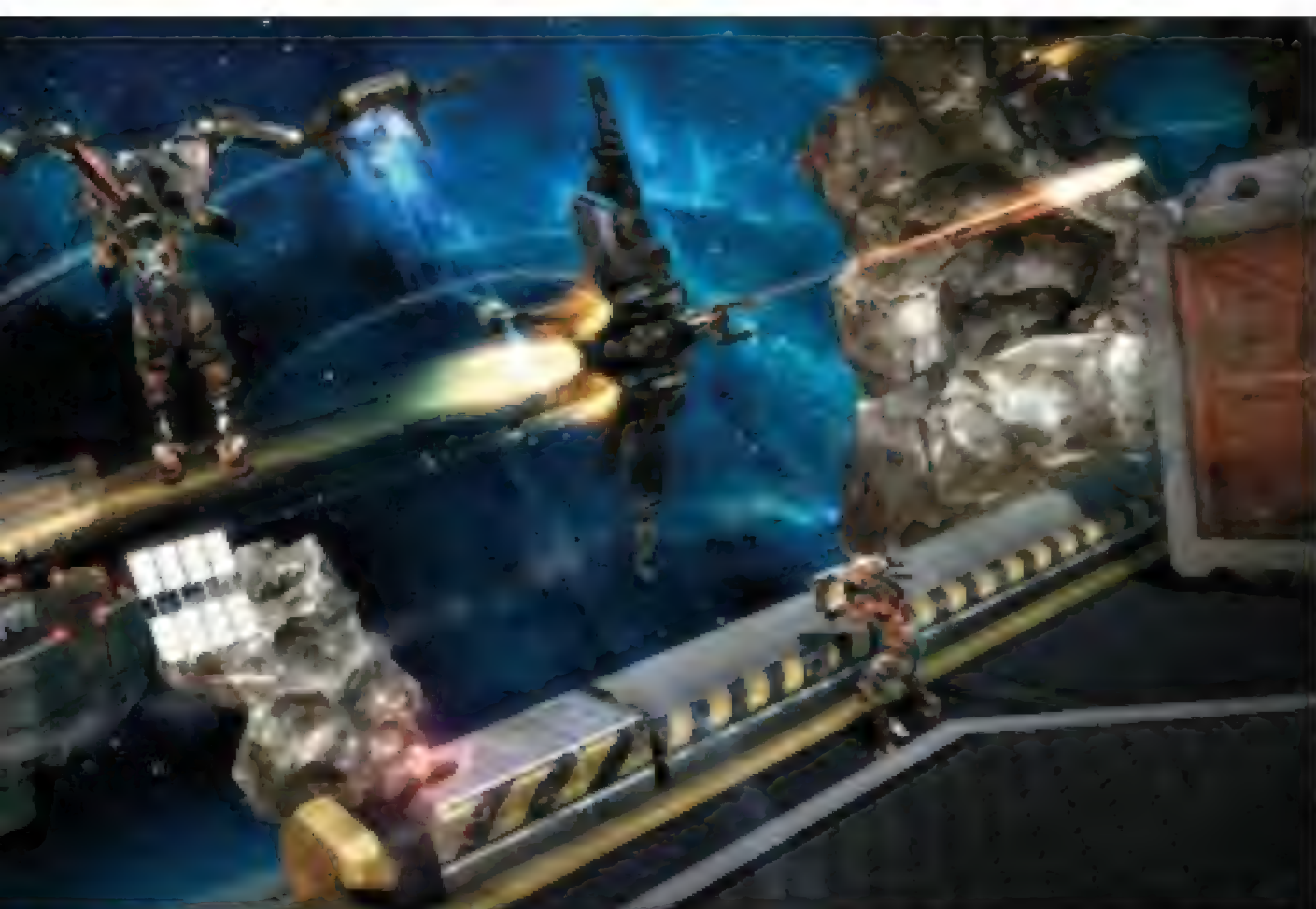
★★★★★



It took a galaxy far, far away to finally lure players from *World of Warcraft*. Like that genre juggernaut, *Star Wars: The Old Republic* is a massively multi-player, online roleplaying game, populated with armies of real players who can cooperate on quests (or blast one another for loot and bragging rights). But while *WOW* is lean on story and daunting for newbie solo players, *The Old Republic* weaves a galaxy-spanning tale that players can experience on their own if they don't feel like joining forces.

The game is set thousands of years before the *Star Wars* movies, during a period of intergalactic war between the Sith Empire and the Galactic Republic. Lando Calrissian, Han Solo, Yoda, and Luke (and Anakin) Skywalker are nowhere to be seen. Instead, players choose a faction and create their own Lucas-approved archetype, from roguish smuggler to Force-wielding Jedi knight. Each character class has his or her own cinematic storyline, complete with scripted sequences and voice-acted dialogue that's light-years ahead of the itty-bitty text boxes in *WOW*.

A steady supply of rewards—new abilities, sidekick characters, advanced character classes, land and air vehicles, and eventually your own spaceship—keep you engrossed as you hyper-jump between nearly 20 planets. Starship combat is relegated to a mini game, an odd omission in a release with *Star Wars* in the title. Despite that small disturbance in the Force, *The Old Republic* is the first worthy competitor to *WOW*, and worth the \$15 monthly fee.



STARHAWK SONY (PS3)

★★★★

This sequel to the high-flying combat shooter *Warhawk* feels more like a reinvention of the series than a follow-up. While the original focused on air-to-ground multiplayer combat, *Starhawk* ups the ante with a cowboys-in-space single-player storyline and multiplayer modes that require brains along with bull's-eye aim. Players earn energy points from fragging foes, and they can spend these points to build fortifications and munitions plants. Blast enough enemies and you can erect factories that churn out jet packs, jeeps, and transformable jets that give you the edge. This simple dose of real-time strategy adds to the learning curve, but it also means you might outsmart online punks who have faster trigger fingers.

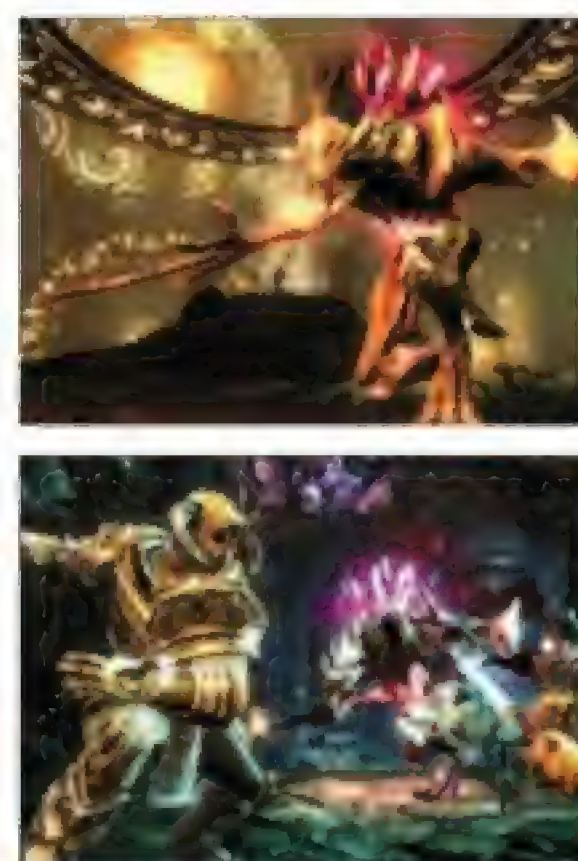
PREVIEWS



RIDGE RACER UNBOUNDED

NAMCO BANDAI (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

The long-running series gets a complete tune-up. Gone is the emphasis on perfect power-drifts around the hairpin turns of scenic but sterile cityscapes. In its place: high-speed collisions with opposing racers, plus courses that encourage you to smash through and create shortcuts. Special Domination races require players to destroy everything on or off the road. Other single and multiplayer modes encourage dueling with other cars, precision drifting, and avoiding any damage. (But where's the fun in that?) A City Creator lets you design courses you can optimize for offensive driving. Share these custom cities with friends online, then sit back and enjoy the pileups.



KINGDOMS OF AMALUR: RECKONING

ELECTRONIC ARTS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Ten millennia of high-fantasy history—penned by best-selling author R. A. Salvatore—set the backstory of this ambitious sword-and-sorcery epic. Unlike games that pigeonhole your abilities once you choose your warrior or thief or sorcerer, *Reckoning* lets you customize your character deep into the adventure. *Spawn* artist Todd McFarlane, who inspired the landscapes and creatures, and the roleplaying pioneers behind the *Elder Scrolls* titles complete *Reckoning's* dream team of developers. Whether they've wrought a world worth exploring remains to be seen, but at least they didn't skimp on loot: Millions of weapon and armor combinations await your discovery.

Big Little Games

Titanic titles for download or on-the-go



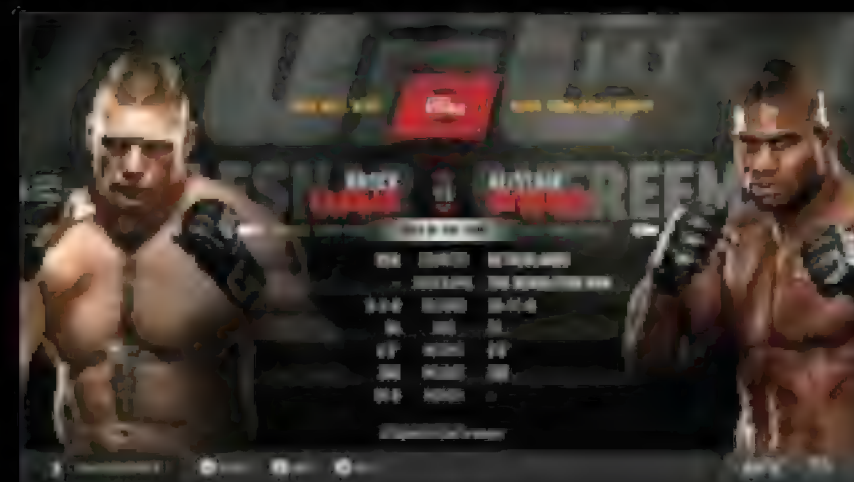
JOURNEY • Sony CEA (PS3)

Less a game and more like the digital equivalent of a bong hit, *Journey* drops players into a gorgeously rendered world and lets them unravel its mysteries with fellow online day-trippers.



TOUCH MY KATAMARI • Namco Bandai (PS Vita)

The endearingly oddball, exceedingly Japanese series takes advantage of the PS Vita's touch panel to help players squeeze and stretch their ever-expanding junk ball.



UFC ON XBOX LIVE • UFC (Xbox 360)

Not a game but an essential download for UFC fans, this Marketplace app streams pay-per-view events in high-def and without lag. Interviews and behind-the-scenes videos psych you up before main events.

CUTTING LOOSE

Lyle Lovett kisses off his record label with an ambling, eclectic grab bag of an album.

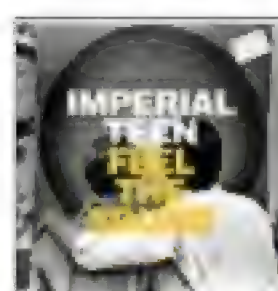
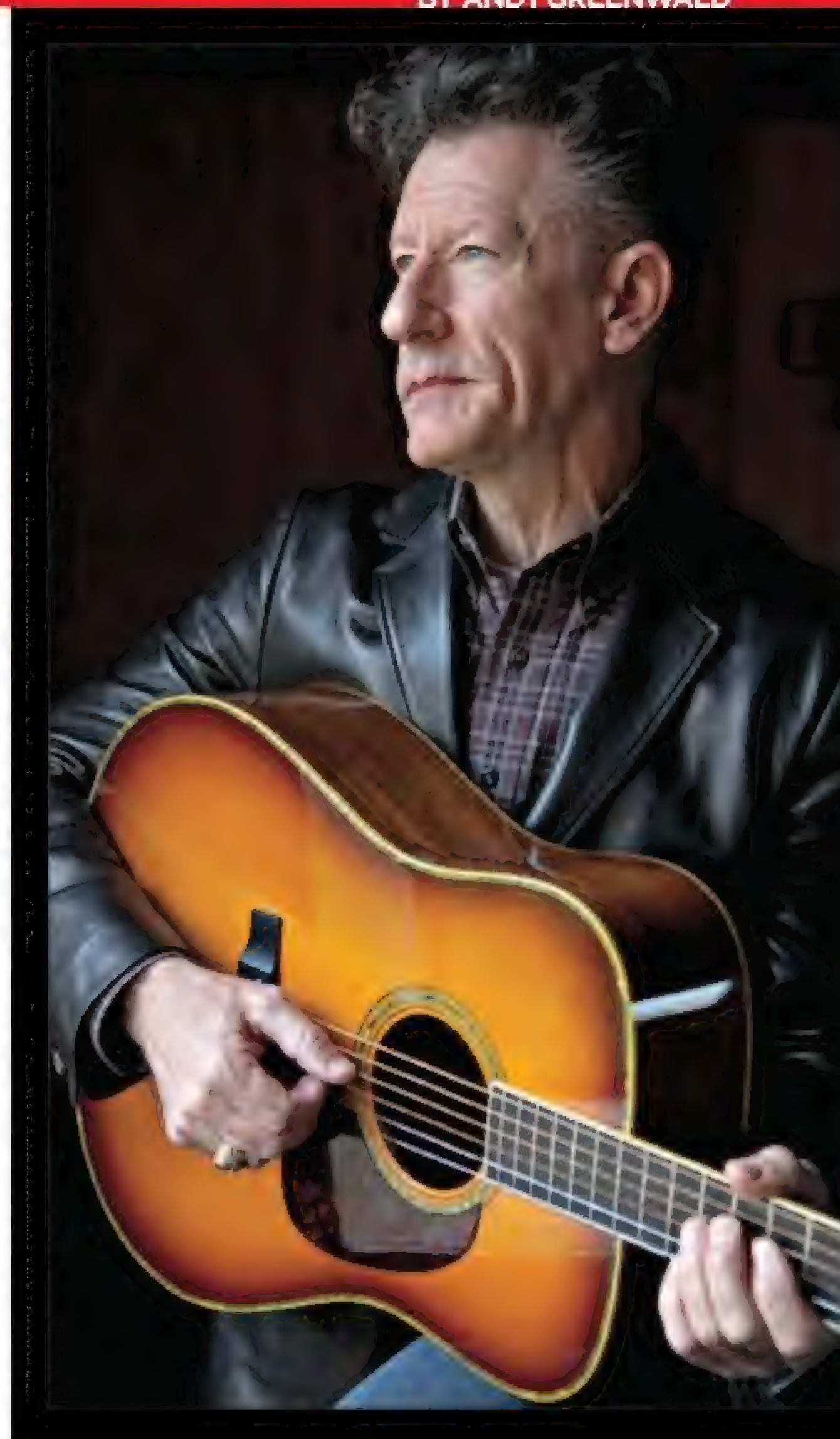
LYLE LOVETT
Release Me
Curb/Universal
★★★

Lyle Lovett is old-fashioned. Not just because of his gentlemanly demeanor, his predilection for big hats and bigger bands, or the fact that he's the same age as the Frisbee (54, for all you nonstoners). No, the charismatic crooner is old-fashioned because he still believes in the album as a collection



of whatever flights his fancy takes him on while he's making it. And so *Release Me*—yes, it's the last record of his contract—ambles all over the map, from an unconventional opening (a three-minute fiddle-stomp instrumental called "Garfield's Blackberry Blossom")

to traditional flourishes (covers of two Christmas standards, just in time for spring). Best of all is an unhurried take on Chuck Berry's "Brown-Eyed Handsome Man," which manages to pinpoint the achy heartbreak in the rock 'n' roll classic. Like Lovett, the version takes its time, but winds up someplace interesting.

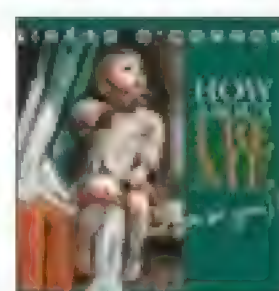


Few bands become more relevant as they age, but that's precisely the case with San Francisco's Imperial Teen.

When the coed quartet emerged in the mid-nineties, their candy-coated synth-pop was a lone burst of color in a grungy sea of flannel. Frontman Roddy Bottum was better known as the keyboardist for Faith No More, so his new group's commitment to sparkle vision was a tough sell. Fifteen years and four albums later, his neon-fringed muse seems prescient. *Feel the Sound* is an impeccable collection of delicately groovy pop that fits in seamlessly alongside such dance-floor daydreamers of today as Phoenix and MGMT.



IMPERIAL TEEN
Feel the Sound Merge
★★★★

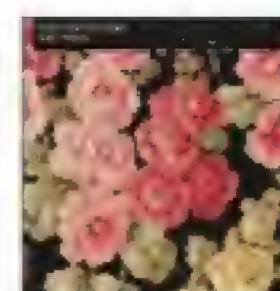


Sinéad O'Connor's career has always been an awkward tango between her otherworldly voice and her intemperate mouth. Her

nineties success came apart faster than the photo of the Pope she famously tore up on *Saturday Night Live*, and the ensuing years have been a roller coaster of sublime performance countered by cringe-inducing personality. Her ninth full-length is no less inconsistent. On the stately "4th and Vine," her lovely lilt narrates a story of chaste romance. But on the high-unlistenable "Queen of Denmark," she overshadows like a teen blogger: "I wanted to change the world / but I couldn't change my underwear." Noted!



SINÉAD O'CONNOR
How About I Be Me (and You Be You)?
One Little Indian
★★★



It's almost incomprehensible that it's taken this long for Mark Lanegan to make an album called *Blues Funeral*. The

former Screaming Trees frontman has been distilling a distinctive barrel-blend of doomy Americana for more than two decades now. By the fourth track ("St. Louis Elegy") he's already drunk himself sick, and one song later he's bracing for "death's metal broom." But there's an artful, crumbling majesty to these 12 dirges, particularly when Lanegan growls over Queens of the Stone Age frontman Josh Homme's wall of guitars on "Quiver Syndrome," and croons above the downcast dubstep of "Harborview Hospital." He's not ready for the pine box yet.



MARK LANEGAN BAND
Blues Funeral
4AD
★★★★

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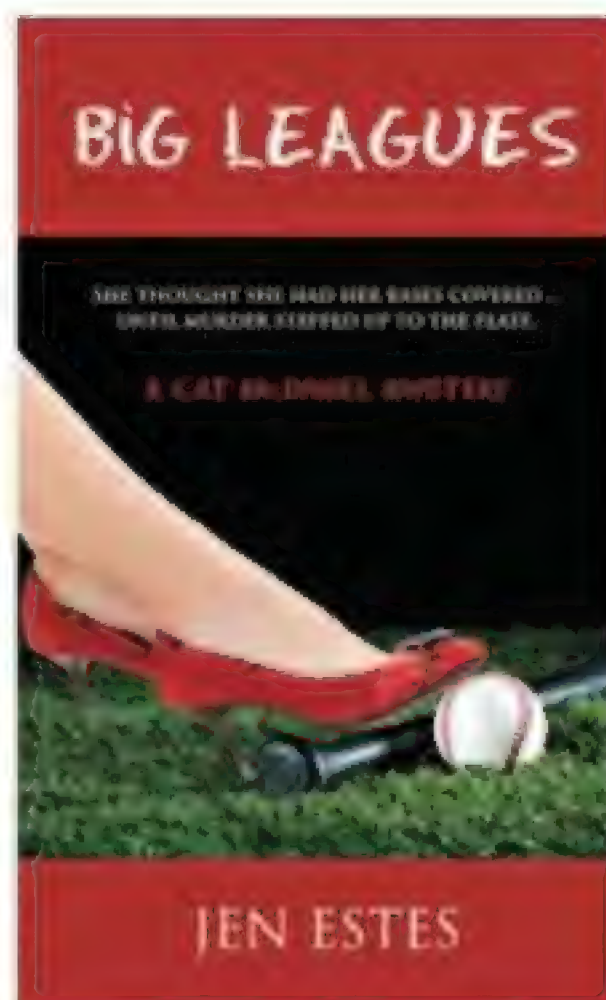
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Ball Girl

Jen Estes went from Hooters waitress to casual Cubs blogger to mystery writer with a three-book deal. The sexy author tells us how she turned BS-ing about baseball into an art form.

By Kara Wahlgren

While hunting for a good book to read, baseball blogger Jen Estes noticed a serious shortage of sports mysteries. Naturally, she decided to write her own. That's the kind of lofty ambition that typically wears off about halfway through the first chapter, but fast-forward two years: The plucky sports writer is now a published author with her own series in the works. The Foul Ball books follow—what else?—a plucky sports writer. In the first book, *Big Leagues*, Cat McDaniel scores her dream job of covering a new team in Las Vegas, which is all well and good until the outfielder drops dead. And despite the book's decidedly female-friendly cover, it's gotten positive feedback from guys who appreciate Estes's sharp-as-a-tack understanding of the game. We caught up with her just as *Big Leagues* was hitting the shelves to ask how her Hooters gig inspired her writing, and what Cubs fandom has taught her about heartbreak.



Tell us a little bit about the book.

It's about a rookie sports writer who stumbles upon a conspiracy with a new baseball team. The series will follow her career. I wrote the first book, and had a second one going with a different character, and the publisher said to me, "We like the first character—can you keep her?"

That's awesome. Did you get many rejection letters before you hooked up with Camel Press?

Well, in getting an agent, there was a lot of rejection. But I would say there weren't too many rejections from a publisher—unless my agent didn't tell me about all of them.

Did being a Cubs fan help you deal with disappointment along the way?

I always tell people, "I'm a Cubs fan,

and I have the emotional scars to prove it!" I also joke that I do my best writing in early fall, because I suddenly find myself with all sorts of free time.

When did you become obsessed with baseball?

I really wasn't a huge sports person growing up. As a teenager, I was definitely more interested in the baseball *players* than the sport itself. So it was adulthood—I had afternoons off, and the Cubs would play at 1:20 P.M., so it was easy to watch them. It became my bubble of serenity. I would sit down for three hours, and my only concern was the game.

What inspired you to start your blog, CubBlogging.com?

You know, so many blogs take themselves too seriously. I started one to do game recaps and [cover] funny things that happened during the game—more observations than recaps, because there are thousands of recap blogs. We started to gain

a community and it just went from there.

How did you parlay that into freelance sports writing?

I got approached by a guy from Digital Sports Daily, and he asked me if I'd write the Top Ten moments of Cubs history. I really enjoyed that, and then I did a few articles here and there.

Sports writing is kind of a boy's club. Have you ever totally schooled someone with your baseball knowledge?

That's one of my most annoying traits. I have a friend who calls me a walking JumboTron—I'm not sure if that's a compliment. Every year we celebrate my birthday by getting first-row seats right behind the bull pen. At Wrigley Field, this puts you less than a foot behind the relief pitchers. I overheard a couple of them talking about the hitter in the on-deck circle. They were debating his situational facts, and kept going back and forth. Finally, I leaned forward and said, "You're both wrong, he's .329 against lefties." They turned around like, "Who are you?" I'm always correcting my friends, but that's the coolest story I have.

You obviously know your stuff—does that help your book appeal to male readers?

Well, the lead character is smart and sassy, and I think both men and women can appreciate that. And there's as much action and baseball as there is romance and fashion. She may wear designer shoes, but she's not afraid to get them a little dirty. I had my first book signing over the weekend, and I had just as many males as females—I don't think the cover scared them away.

Was there ever any question that you wanted to write about baseball?

I'm a big baseball fan. I didn't really consider myself too much of a fiction writer, but it was the off-season, and I had just finished reading *The Firm* for, like, the hundredth time—I'm a big John Grisham fan. I was looking for something to read and thought,





SIRENS

What about a baseball thriller? And I went to the bookstore, and there wasn't really anything like that. So I decided to write it. And then once I wrote it, I told my husband, "Well, maybe I'll just see how you go about getting something published."

Usually when people get that idea, they don't actually get a book published.

Yeah, I know—usually they don't even finish it.

You worked as a Hooters girl while you were in college. Did that offer any inspiration?

Yeah, especially because I was such a terrible waitress! I learned quickly that my customers easily forgave spilled drinks and wrong orders if I could talk about the game. In turn, they gave me great insight into the fan perspective. I felt like I was Jane Goodall—I'd study their reactions, emotions, enthusiasm, aggression.

Have you been inspired by any real-life sports scandals?

There's always a scandal in baseball—you don't have to look very hard. The second book takes place in the Dominican Republic. They sign players at 16 and recruit them even younger than that, and there's some exploitation that takes place. I did a lot of research with that. It's the dirty side of baseball.

Did you model Cat after yourself at all?

A little bit of yourself goes into every character, good or bad. Cat is neurotic, and I'm definitely neurotic. She's more ambitious than I am, though.

Hard to believe. What other characters have pieces of you?

Her love interest, Benji, is a big nerd—he's into sci-fi and all that kind of stuff, and that's definitely me. Her best friend is a little ballsy, and I *wish* I were like that.

So you're a sci-fi nerd? What's your nerdiest guilty pleasure?

I'd have to go with *Battlestar Galactica*. Those are the DVDs I



"I was such a terrible waitress! I learned quickly that my customers [at Hooters] easily forgave spilled drinks and wrong orders if I could talk about the game."

hide waaay back on the shelf.

Cat falls for a guy who has no clue about baseball—could you date somebody who didn't have a clue about baseball?

I think I could. I could date somebody who didn't have a clue about baseball before somebody who hated the Cubs—or a die-hard Cardinals fan. It would be easier just to start with a clean slate.

At least he could be swayed. But you're married. Which one of you is the bigger sports fan?

He is such a football fan, but I'm definitely the bigger baseball fan. There's a period in the fall where baseball and football overlap, and we tend to fight over what we're going to watch on TV.

Who wins?

I often concede at first, especially in those all-too-often Septembers when the Cubs are already out of the

race. But come baseball postseason, I put on the playoffs and hide the remote. I love the overlap, though—it's probably the reason October is my favorite month. The leaves are changing color; there's baseball, football, hockey, *and* basketball; and the month ends with buckets of free candy.

How would you describe your perfect night out—or your perfect night in?

My perfect night out would be at a Cubs game. The problem is, they only have night games during the week, and those usually don't work with my schedule. And my perfect night in would really be the same thing—I love just curling up and watching a baseball game.



Hammered Into Shape

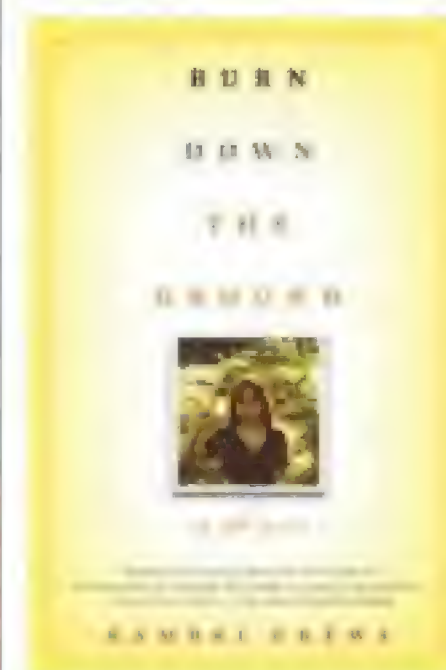
Lady Gaga's ex, Luc Carl, drank his way to physical fitness—and shows how you can, too, in *The Drunk Diet*.

The Drunk Diet
By Luc Carl
St. Martin's Press

Luc Carl is Lady Gaga's ex-boyfriend, and while that fact certainly didn't hurt his chances of landing a book deal, he does have a bona fide rarity in the genre of weight-loss guides: a diet book for guys. Amid the curses, macho posturing, and purple glam-rock design, there's actually some useful advice about how to eat right, cook for yourself, and work out. Carl grew up in Nebraska, eating starchy,

fatty foods, and after bartending for a few years, "drinking his face off" and gaining 40 pounds, he decided he wanted to get fit—but without quitting drinking. He gives the lowdown on how he did it, plus detailed exercise tips with illustrations. Carl is refreshingly up-front, and doesn't promise instant results. He occasionally sounds full of himself, but he does offer ample amounts of sensible advice, whether you're looking to get ripped or just drop a few pounds.

Burn Down the Ground



Kambri Crews grew up dirt poor, with deaf parents (she and her brother can hear), in rural Texas. In the opening scene of her new memoir from Random House, she visits her father in a high-security jail, where he's incarcerated

for nearly stabbing his girlfriend to death. Despite these trappings, this is no "poor me" story. Crews describes a close-knit deaf community that formed (without the internet!) and took care of its members, as well as a family that was fiercely loving, if highly unconventional. She gradually comes to terms with the truth that her charismatic father is not the perfect man she idolized as a kid, but her love for him—brutally destructive faults and all—remains intact.

Agorafabulous! Dispatches From My Bedroom



Comedian Sara Benincasa didn't always love to be onstage or on camera (Google her Michele Bachmann videos). Once upon a time, she couldn't even leave her bedroom. *Agorafabulous!*, her

memoir from William Morrow, details her college-age struggle with agoraphobia and panic attacks, which became so overwhelming that she wound up peeing in bowls she hid under her bed, petrified of leaving her room. Benincasa informs and entertains while relaying this story about mental illness. Without glossing over the seriousness of her ordeal, she mines it for laughter, which, someone once said, is the best medicine. **O+**

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Death Warmed Over

Sure, boozing it up and downing those green shots with your buddies was a blast. It's the morning after that'll have you praying for someone or something to put you out of your misery. Well, there are plenty of elixirs and pills that promise to do the trick, but do they really work?



HANG TIME

When an egg-and-cheese won't do the trick, try one of these newfangled hangover remedies. But is the cure worse than the malady?

By Joshua M. Bernstein

For drinkers, morning is a cruel mistress. The sun's rays are like police-interrogation lights, causing you to crack reddened eyes as crusted as a mustard jar. Your skull recalls a construction site, while your tongue is drier than the Sahara Desert. The symptoms are unmistakable: You have a hangover.

Like the common cold, there's no ironclad cure for this post-drinking affliction. Some people swear by greasy grub. Others reach for aspirin, while Hunter S. Thompson preferred 12 amyl nitrates backed by as many beers as necessary. (I'm partial to a Diet Coke myself.) But lately, a new breed of boozing aids promises to alleviate the morning-after ache. Are they poppycock? A godsend? While on my hard-boozing tour for my beer book, *Brewed Awakening*, I tested some of the most promising antidotes to too much of a good time.



1 • Bytox

I was set to appear at Manhattan's 508 gastrobrewery, a brewpub that makes weight-lifter-strength ales. To insulate myself, I turned to Bytox. The patch delivers an onslaught of vitamins to your body, including 4,160 percent of your daily dose of B₁₂ and 10,000 percent of B₆. I pasted the patch to my biceps and chugged potent imperial stouts like water—and the odd pint of agua, too. Like most remedies, Bytox suggests you stay well hydrated, which is excellent advice for any drinker. Nonetheless, when I awoke the next day and peeled off the patch, my head still jackhammered.

2 • Mercy

After you spend all night at the Cascade Brewing Barrel House in Portland, Oregon, sipping endless goblets of sour beers, the hangover gods will likely show you little mercy. But I had an ace up my sleeve: Mercy. The canned, carbonated beverage is crammed with thiamin, niacin, and a proprietary blend including milk-thistle seed, chamomile, and, uh, alpha-ketoglutaric acid. Post-brewery, I popped a can and guzzled the fizzy, lemony nectar. It was plenty tasty, but the next morning I still felt like a steamroller had flattened me.

3 • Drinkwel

I was skeptical about the benefits of Drinkwel, "the multivitamin for people who drink." Every day for a week, I popped three pills loaded with 30 ingredients, including liver-friendly milk thistle, vitamin B₁₂, and goji and acai berries. Then I went on a bender at Seattle's Elysian brewpub, knocking back numerous pints of Avatar Jasmine IPA. Per instructions, I capped the night with three additional capsules and water. Come sunrise, I felt like I'd gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson, circa 1986.

4 • Last Round

The night before an early-morning flight to New Orleans, I drank my weight in British-style cask ales at Brooklyn's Pacific Standard. When I returned home to pack, I reached for a Last Round. The all-natural, after-drinking elixir is made with green tea, stevia, ginkgo, kudzu root, and licorice, which gives the light amber liquid a medicinal scent. I swallowed the 2.4-ounce serving, finding it sweetly reminiscent of Robitussin. When I awoke before sunrise, I felt like reheated death. I chugged one more Last Round; surprisingly, it made me feel loopily alert and a little less terrible.

5 • Blowfish

Thanks to bars that never close, New Orleans doles out hangovers like Halloween candy. I spent my eve at the Avenue Pub, sipping hoppy pints of NOLA Brewing's Hopitoulas IPA, before pounding Miller High Life—and-whiskey combos at the divey R Bar. In the a.m., I felt like a dehydrated turd. I turned to the Alka-Seltzer-like Blowfish, which is packed with aspirin, caffeine, and antacid. I dropped the tablets into a tall glass of water, where they fizzily dissolved. I drank the fluid and, within minutes, felt my headache ease. My eyes opened wider. I wasn't ready for another beer, but I was ready to face the day.

6 • Sprayology Party Relief

In my opinion, oral sprays are only good for ensuring my breath doesn't smell like a Dumpster. But instead of mint, this pump canister is packed with capsaicin (read: peppers) and—holy radioactivity!—radium brom. The spray is designed to prevent and relieve "alcohol-related discomfort." You're supposed to spritz it under your tongue before drinking, after each hour of drinking, when you finish drinking, and the day after drinking. *Phew.* As I sipped the lagers at Full Sail Brewing in Hood River, Oregon, I misted my mouth with the vaguely metallic and slightly spicy Party Relief. I felt like an idiot, and as I grew pie-eyed I forgot to reapply. Perhaps that's why I felt terrible the next morning. And no amount of a.m. sprays could save me.

ONLY FOR THE STOUT- HEARTED

Don't just reach for the usual. This St. Patrick's Day, expand your dark-beer horizons with these inky ales.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

We can learn much about beer drinking from Ivan Pavlov's drooling dogs. The Russian physiologist used whistles, tuning forks, and bells to make canines salivate in anticipation of eating. A similar conditioned response occurs on March 17. That day, drinkers wear green and reach for pints of pitch-dark Guinness. Let's call it pack behavior.

Guinness fever runs so hot on St. Patrick's Day that tipplers don't bother diving into the deep pool of unique stouts. From smooth, luscious milk stouts to briny oyster stouts and the supercharged Russian imperial stouts, there are countless ways to drink dark.

Though the Irish invented the dry stout, they hardly have a monopoly on the style. Great American versions are available, from Maine-based Shipyard Brewing's Blue Fin Stout to the Old No. 38 Stout, from Fort Bragg, California's, North Coast Brewing.

If you like a slightly sweeter stout, look toward "milk stouts" (sometimes called "sweet" or "cream stouts"). Instead of half-and-half, the *milk* in question is *lactose*, an unfermentable sugar. When added to beer, lactose creates a fuller body and imparts a sweetness that can balance out the roasted characteristics. Wet your whistle with Young's Double Chocolate Stout and the Left Hand Milk Stout Nitro.

Similarly smooth but less sweet is oatmeal stout, which is brewed with a small percentage of the breakfast-friendly grain. Oats create a silky, creamy brew with a lick of sweetness. Samuel Smith's Oatmeal Stout is a

classic British example, but Wolaver's Oatmeal Stout and Rogue's Shakespeare Oatmeal Stout are worthy brews.

Want to pair some food with your stout? Classically, oysters have proved an ideal pairing with stouts, with the briny salinity complementing the full-bodied, creamy brew. To unite those flavors, brewers have begun tossing freshly shucked oysters into brew kettles, creating complex ales like the Porterhouse Brewing Company's Oyster Stout.

But if your goal on St. Patrick's Day is getting pie-eyed, opt for the burly, engine-oil-black Russian imperial stout. It typically registers between 8 to 12 percent alcohol by volume, and dates back to the days of Peter the Great, who opened his nation to the West in the eighteenth century. Seeing a business opportunity, British brewers formulated beers that would appeal to the vodka-loving citizens. Since standard porters would not survive the lengthy Arctic sea voyage, extra hops were added and alcohol percentages were elevated, resulting in a darkly potent brew. In recent years, American craft brewers have cottoned to this extreme style, creating winners such as Stone's Imperial Russian Stout and Victory's Storm King Stout, even aging them in bourbon or whiskey barrels. Crack open one of Goose Island's boozy Bourbon County Stouts on St. Patrick's Day, and your friends will be green with envy.



■ GOOSE ISLAND: BOURBON COUNTY STOUT

The imperial stout is aged in 12- to 16-year-old oak barrels once filled with Kentucky's Heaven Hill bourbon. The result is a warming, boozy wallop, calmed by notes of chocolate and vanilla.



■ ROGUE ALES: SHAKESPEARE OATMEAL STOUT

Tinted like tar, the thespian-themed oatmeal stout has a terrifically luscious, creamy head and a nose of cocoa and caramel. It drinks nice and easy, offering flavors of milk chocolate, toasted oats, and a touch of hoppy bitterness.



■ SHIPYARD BREWING COM- PANY: BLUE FIN STOUT

The midnight-dark stout, flavored with rich malt and bittersweet chocolate, is capped by a rich beige head. It closes crisp, with a bitter, lingering aftertaste.

■ THE PORTERHOUSE BREWING COMPANY: OYSTER STOUT

Ireland's Porterhouse creates top-flight stouts, such as the dry, assertively bitter Wrasslers XXXX and this bivalve beauty. Brewed with just-shucked oysters, the aromatic stout is silky as all get-out, with a touch of brine on the taste buds.



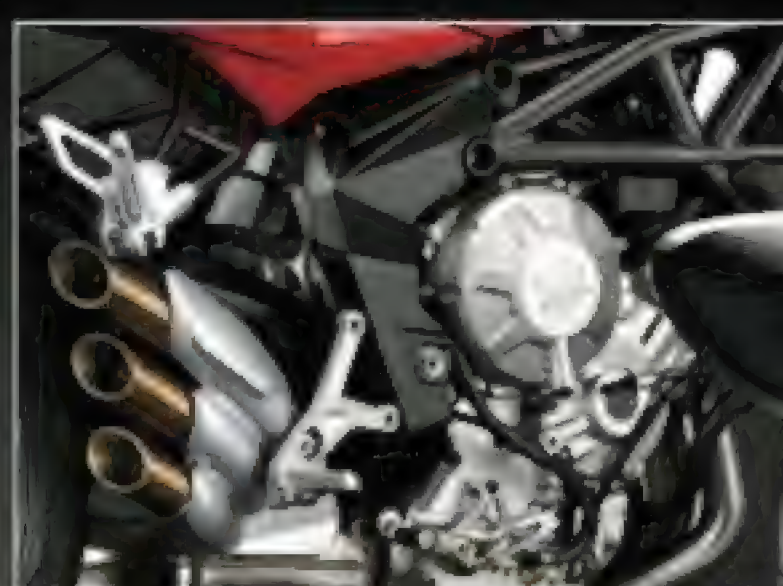
■ LEFT HAND BREWING COMPANY: MILK STOUT NITRO

Bottled under pressure with nitrogen (the gas that gives draft Guinness its creaminess), this stout charges from the bottle with tons of tiny bubbles, which cascade into a thick head as sumptuous as an angel's pillow. Expect a luscious creaminess and flavors of roasted grains and milk chocolate. ☞



THEY COME IN THREES

A popular British engine configuration has a challenger from Italy. By Bill Heald



U

nlike contemporary automobiles, motorcycles not only often have their engines unclothed for the world to appreciate, but you can pick from a vast array of engine types to suit how you roll. Air-cooled, liquid-cooled, Vs, inlines, horizontally opposed, singles, twins, fours, sixes, and more—they're all out there, powering a dizzying assortment of bikes. And while some manufacturers offer a whole catalog of engine

types, some marques are associated with particular designs (like Harley's V-twins, for example). Triumph has long been famous for its inline triples, and its new 675-cc engine has been very successful in both its Daytona sport bike and Street Triple naked bike. But in 2012, it's getting some competition from one of the most prestigious names in two-wheeled racing history, for MV Agusta has created a 675-cc Triple of its own, with both sport and naked versions. The F3 race-replica version is tasty, to be sure, but the naked Brutale 675 brings a whole new meaning to the term "performance art."

These days, MV Agusta is a low-volume, high-quality manufacturer



that focuses on every detail of its machines, from getting every last pony out of the engine to executing drop-dead-beautiful detail work. The Brutale's Triple features MVICS (Motor & Vehicle Integrated Control System), some black-box magic that "integrates the Full Ride by Wire throttle control with integral multi-maps for the engine and traction control." This allows the rider to fine-tune the Brutale's 115 horsepower to the riding conditions, while a MotoGP-inspired counter-rotating crankshaft helps smooth the vibes. The engine's compact external dimensions help with mass centralization, which ultimately makes the chassis easier to both flick through traffic and carve up S-turns in the mountains.

Even with excellent weight distribution, you still need a solid frame and balanced suspension components, so the Brutale gets a steel trellis backbone with alumi-

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled Inline Triple
Bore x stroke	79 mm x 45.9 mm
Displacement	675 cc
Fuel system	Integrated electronic injection
Ignition	Electronic with traction-control integration
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm four-piston discs
Rear brake	Single 220-mm two-piston disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.62-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	54.23 inches
Seat height	31.96 inches
Curb weight	358 pounds
Base price	To be announced

num side plates to support the 43-mm male slider front forks and single Sachs rear shock. Brakes are provided by Italy's Brembo, and consist of radially mounted twin-front calipers with a single disc in back, all using proven racing hardware for the best in easy-to-modulate stopping power. A lack of bodywork, along with judicious use of lightweight materials, keeps the dry weight down to a svelte 358 pounds.

While this is an excellent performance résumé, the real joy of the modern MV Agusta is in the visuals, for the art of the motorcycle is on display in every inch of the Brutale's architecture. To stimulate your riding juices further, MV is offering three superb color schemes with this surprisingly affordable motorcycle. So a prestigious name that was formerly within the reach of only well-heeled enthusiasts and collectors is now attainable by mere mortals, and riding hangouts the world over will be forever improved with a few of these gorgeous Triples parked outside. 

The HIGH-SPEED UPSTART



Hyundai's Genesis proved that an upscale sedan could be affordable. Now it can breathe fire, too.

By Bill Heald



It's a tired truism, but you really do get what you pay for. That said, there is still such a thing as a bargain, and when Hyundai launched its 2010 Genesis sedan, the company slapped the luxury-car class in the face with a supple, elegantly crafted Korean glove. This feature-laden, full-size car was equipped with either V-6 or V-8 rear-drive power trains, and was as pleasant and painless to drive as it was satisfying to gaze at, while undercutting the competition's pricing by thousands of dollars. The designers at Hyundai decided to deliver a luxury car with

everything owners accustomed to being pampered would want, expressed with understated class instead of ostentatious ornamentation. The 2011 models brought expected refinements but no drastic changes in performance, leaving the competition to think that more powerful flagships were safe from this invading interloper.

But Hyundai is full of surprises, and under the cover of darkness the designers have been toiling in the skunk works like the quiet (yet manically focused) mad scientists they are. And now, from out of the fog, bright LED-tinged Xenon headlights announce the arrival of the Genesis R-Spec—low-key in styling yet betrayed by 19-inch machined-alloy wheels and high-performance tires.



Something potent this way comes. Are we seeing the dawn of elegant hooliganism?


The answer, as always, lies in the driving. Climb into the roomy cabin, which surrounds you with the delicious aroma of ultrapremium leather, and push the start button. In place of the old 4.6 V-8, there's a rompin', stompin' 429-horsepower five-liter unit, bolted to an eight-speed Shiftronic automatic transmission that smoothly doles out power to the rear wheels.

To correctly deploy an earthmover of an engine in such an upscale environment, you have to make the manners match the muscle, so Hyundai has masterfully civilized the most powerful "Tau" V-8 it's ever put on the road. This marvel is reinforced to reduce vibration and harshness, and sports direct fuel injection for greater power and efficiency. The exhaust note and intake snarl strike that tough balance between class and chaos, in that you know you have the lightning at the ready but the thunder won't unduly interfere with the Lexicon 17-speaker sound system.

Accelerating under full power produces an elegant rush that blurs the scenery, and while the suspension feels almost big-boat soft, the sport tuning (fortified by Sachs Amplitude Selective Damping shock absorbers) keeps things under control. Both the steering and transmission are calibrated for the R-Spec's more athletic personality, which sharpens this luxury sedan to a finer edge compared to the standard Genesis. A heavy, fast cruise missile like this also needs substantial braking power, and my numerous aggressive tests revealed rock-solid stopping performance without a loss of dignity through excessive nosediving or other untoward, embarrassing behavior.

This is important not only from a driving-dynamics standpoint, but this is, after all, a representative of the lux-

ury class. And as great as the performance side of the R-Spec is, its most satisfying feature is how the styling and design reflect upscale quality and an appreciation of function over frippery. This isn't to imply this is a spartan luxury/sport automobile, for the latest bells and whistles are well-represented. Smart Cruise Control, lane-departure warning, adaptive headlights, heated/cooled seats, and Hyundai's Ultimate Navigation System keep you safely in the fast lane, and most infotainment and cabin-comfort functions can be guided with a multimedia controller in the center console. No modern convenience is lacking, but unlike a lot of the competition, Hyundai makes the technology simple to access and operate.

Which brings us up to the very attractive bottom line. The R-Spec delivers performance and luxury on par with the famous marques it's competing with, yet does so for less than \$50,000. This not only makes this gate-crasher an attractive alternative to the other guys, but a smart one as well. 



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	Five-liter V-8
Power	429 horsepower
Torque	376 foot-pounds
Transmission	Eight-speed Shiftronic automatic
Front tires	245/45 R-19 Bridgestone Potenza Pole Position
Rear tires	245/45 R-19 Bridgestone Potenza Pole Position
Curb weight	4,154 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	5.79 seconds
Top speed	149 mph
Fuel capacity	20.3 gallons
EPA mpg	16 city/25 highway
Base price	\$46,535



March of Progress

Spring ahead with seven gadgets that will upgrade your life.
By Crispin Boyer



■ Biscotti TV phone Biscotti • \$199

Laptop cameras are crummy for spending quality time with long-distance ladies, and they're too complex for far-flung family members to figure out. The Biscotti TV phone addresses these shortcomings with its cinch-to-use remote and high-def-quality picture. Just plug the streamlined camera into your HDTV via its HDMI cable and connect it to your house Wi-Fi. You can make unlimited free video calls to other Biscotti units, or to computers, tablets, and smartphones that support Google voice and video. Incoming calls interrupt shows—and switch on the TV if it's not in use. Best of all, the camera and microphone capture your entire room, so you can take and make calls without having to get off the couch.



■ BodyMedia FIT CORE armband BodyMedia • \$180

If you're going to sweat the details of getting in Spartan-style shape for the summer, you might as well make every calorie count—and no gizmo is better at counting calories than the FIT CORE armband. Its four sensors capture more than 5,000 data points per minute, recording calories burned, steps taken, levels of physical exertion, and even the fat-burning quality of your sleep. Upload the results to your PC and sync it with your daily menu to dial in the most effective diet and exercise plans. The only drawback: You have to wear this thing day and night. Hey, drastic weight loss calls for drastic measures!

■ PlayStation 3-D display

Sony • \$500

Don't let its PlayStation branding fool you. This display—ideal for dorm rooms and later-than-early adopters to 3-D—is compatible with any 3-D Blu-ray player, cable box, PC, and even the Xbox 360 via HDMI. It offers a full 1080p, 3-D movie and gaming experience via its included pair of active-shutter 3-D glasses, along with booming sound

through a built-in subwoofer. If you buy a second pair of glasses, two players can take advantage of a unique "SimulView" option that broadcasts a separate full-screen (non-3-D) image to each player in compatible games. A lack of remote limits the display's functionality as a second TV, although you can buy a separate PS3 remote.



■ Bag of Rhythm boom box

House of Marley • \$300

Technically, this boom-box-in-a-bag plays all the music on your iPhone or iPod touch, but it almost seems a crime to crank anything but Bob Marley tunes. It's fashioned from eco-friendly materials and roomy enough for a weekend's supply of medicinal you-know-what, embracing the reggae principle of sharing the good times wherever you go. Two four-inch speakers, two one-inch tweeters, and a digital-signal processor produce sound as clear as your conscience (proceeds from each bag support causes approved by the Bob Marley estate). A built-in battery in the FM-radio-equipped docking station keeps your iPhone from crapping out after a long weekend of spreading the love.

■ Z340 instant digital camera

Polaroid • \$300

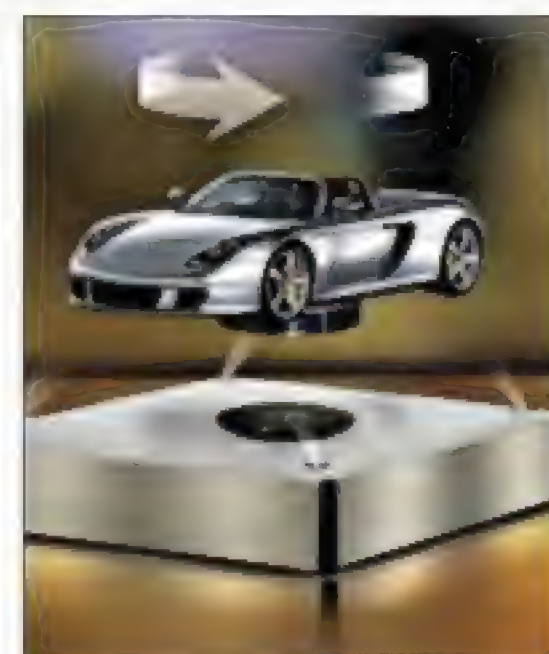
A flashback with a flash, Polaroid's 14-megapixel camera duplicates the photo-spewing functionality of its classic predecessor—right down to the white borders around each picture (which can be turned off for full-bleed printing). Instead of film, the Z340 uses an integrated printer that burns images to smudge-proof sheets of three-by-four-inch Polaroid ZINK paper. Colors are heat-activated on the paper itself; no ink cartridges or ribbons are necessary. Before you print photos—a process that takes about 45 seconds—you can edit them on the 2.7-inch LCD. We just wish the camera made the familiar *click-whir* sound to complete the nostalgic effect.



■ WiPNET internet ports

Wi3 • \$150

These simple-to-install ports spread internet connectivity throughout your house without you punching holes in the drywall. Each comes in two pieces: a sleeve that replaces coaxial-cable wall plates, and a cartridge that slips over it depending on the desired connection. Multimedia PCs and media streamers, for instance, use a cartridge that delivers fast ethernet while maintaining TV services. Internet dead zones rely on the Wi-Fi-broadcasting satellite cartridge. Each port gets maximum bandwidth from your connection, and cartridges can be upgraded as wired and wireless technology improves, future-proofing your network.



■ Levitron Revolution display

Fascinations • \$100

When it comes to useful desk accessories, this ranks somewhere between one of those drinking birds and Newton's cradle—but it totally outperforms both of those dust collectors in pure wow factor. Electromagnets in the unit's base suspend a small disc in the air, upon which you can place any display object. A model jet, an autographed baseball, rubber doggie doo—if it weighs less than 12 ounces, the Revolution will suspend it above your desk. LED lights in the base help you align the support disk, while the electromagnets continuously make corrections to keep your display object from toppling.



HELLO, NEIGHBOR


Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to get cozy with the hot chick next door.

Illustration by Celia Calle

I live in an apartment that has really thin walls, next to a seriously hot girl. How hot? Let's just say every time I walk behind her on the stairs, I've popped a full-on chub by the second floor. I've never talked to her, though—it's a classic too-shy-to-say-hi-in-the-hallway situation. The wall I share with her is so thin that I hear every word of her phone conversations. (I also hear her every time she busts out the vibrator—which is so freaking hot that I've spackled the wall a few times.) Here's what I've gathered from what I've overheard: She's super-lonely and dying for dick, but she hates when random guys approach her. She complained to a friend about some other dude in the building hitting on her while she was getting her mail, saying it was a "totally creepy move." So how do I make a move without turning her off?

I hope that with all the money you're saving living in a glorified cardboard shoe box, you can afford to treat this girl to a nice dinner.

First off, ask yourself what she knows about you, thanks to those thin walls. If she's heard you taking monster dumps or snoring like a buzz saw, you probably don't stand a chance. But if you're in the clear, use the walls to your advantage: Have loud phone "conversations" about the charity work you're doing. ("Those kids are such a handful, but I know it's my responsibility to keep them off the street.") Talk to your mom a lot, and make sure you ask her if she got the diamond earrings you sent. Maybe even bang the most orgasmic girl you know. Once you've gotten your neighbor's trust and attention, ask her if she'd be so kind as to water your plants while you're away for a few days (spend a few nights at a friend's place, or, better, some other chick's house). When you're back, tell her you'd like to treat her to dinner as a thank-you: "I've been dying to try the place at the end of our block. Want to check it out with me?" Play your cards right during dinner and you'll be asking her "My place or yours?" by the end of the night. The best part is, afterward, she can just walk next door.

But be warned: If it doesn't work out, you might have to listen to her crying herself to sleep or banging some new guy. That's never fun. 

Relationships can be puzzling.
Lubricant shouldn't be.



Tingling for Her. *Hot* for Him.

Easy. All in one puzzle-piece bottle.
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 [pet of the year runner-up]






bet on red in 2012

Emily Addison, a 27-year-old with a breathtaking 34D-25-34 figure, became a fan favorite as soon as her September 2011 Pet of the Month layout came out. The gorgeous redhead was equally thrilled with her debut in these pages: "I had a blast working for *Penthouse* in 2011. It's been amazing being a centerfold—the traveling, the parties, the sex. I can't wait to see what's in store for me as Runner-Up. I want to take the girl-girl sex industry by storm this year, and it's sure to happen when *Penthouse* has my back. I'm looking forward to the best year of my life!"

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



"My first scene in 2012 was with February Pet Brett Rossi and January Pet Dani Daniels. If every day is going to be as good as that, then this year really is going to rock!"







"I've always been sexually open, but you can imagine the eyebrows I raised while living in a rural area of North Carolina. Being a Pet has definitely given me a greater confidence in expressing myself."





"I fantasize about watching my man fuck another girl. Something about that little twinge of jealousy gets me so hot. I get off imagining us taking turns sucking his cock and balls, or watching her ride his face while I ride his hard dick."

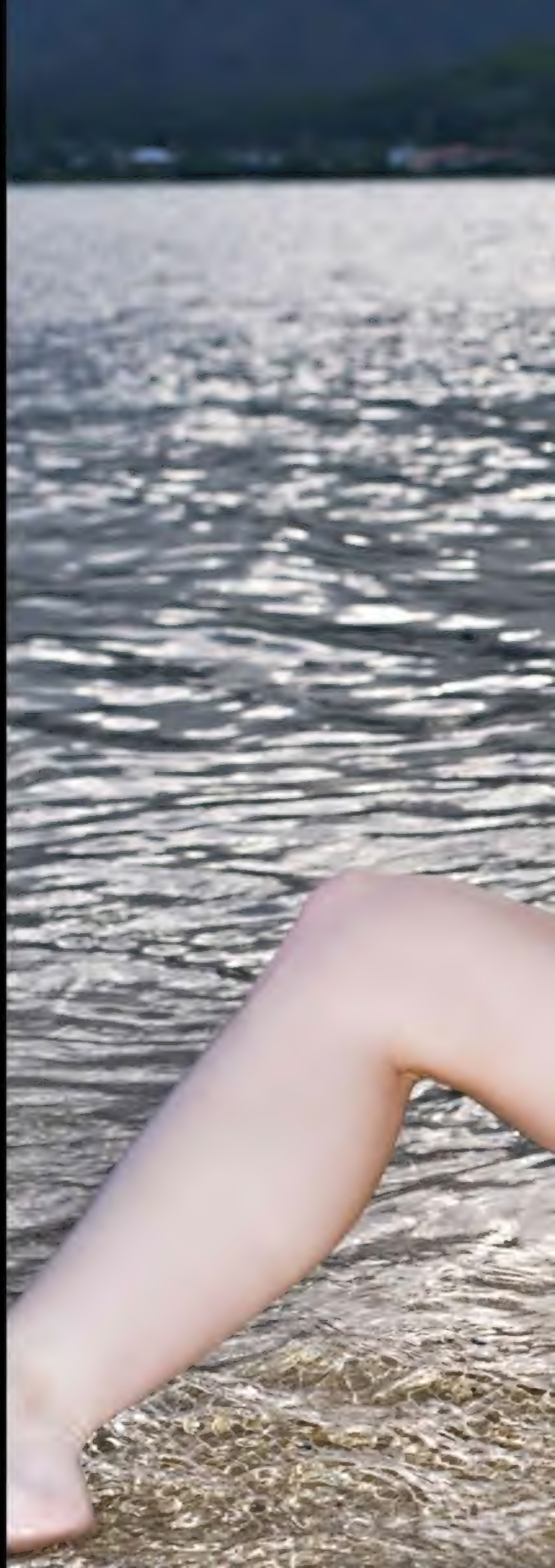


"I love giving my man any kind of oral. I want my mouth all over his lips, ears, stomach, cock, ass. I like things in my mouth. And being a great kisser is one of the sexiest qualities anyone can possess."



"I can't stand fucking someone who can't
let go of their inhibitions. I want dirty, raunchy,
mind-blowing passion!"

SEE MORE OF EMILY AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).





FLOP SWEAT

The Worst 5 March Madness Stinkers

By Peter Schrager

We know, we know—the NCAA basketball tournament is an annual celebration of the underdog, the impossible dream, the impossibly exciting finish.

And we love it, we truly do.

But what about the flip side? What about the storied program that choked on the other side of that massive upset? How about the teams that scraped and clawed their way into

the tournament—only to get their doors blown off in the first round? For every “One Shining Moment” buzzer-beater, there are losing teams on the other end. For every miracle run in the tournament, there’s a team that failed to meet expectations.

We say it’s high time someone remembered the flops, the chokers, and the disappointments. Here are the five biggest ball-droppers, bed-crappers, and pooch-screwers in tourney history.



5. 1999 Florida A&M Rattlers

The Rattlers went a miserable 12-18 in the regular season, but snuck into the tournament with a miraculous conference tournament run. Feel-good story, right? *R-r-r-right*—until they met Duke in the first round, and Elton Brand, Corey Maggette, and Shane Battier delivered a 99-58 beatdown.



4. 1998 Prairie View A&M Panthers

These guys were a walking, talking, air-ball-shooting argument against automatic bids for small-conference tournament winners. The Panthers racked up a 13-16 regular-season record—which included a 58-point loss to Dayton—but won the SWAC (rhymes with “wack”) conference tourney and earned themselves a first-round date with Kansas. Paul Pierce, Raef LaFrentz, and the rest of the Jayhawks romped, 110-52.



3. 1998 Kansas Jayhawks

Perhaps lulled into complacency by the too-easy first-round win over Prairie View A&M, the Jayhawks promptly lost their second-round game of the '98 tourney to the eighth-seeded Rhode Island Rams. They were 12.5-point favorites and boasted a roster full of future NBA stars, but the Jayhawks laid an egg, shooting less than 50 percent from the field and just 61 percent from the free-throw line in an 80-75 loss.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY
GETTY IMAGES



2. 1996 UCLA Bruins One year after bringing a national championship back to Westwood for the first time since 1975, the fourth-seeded Bruins were backdoor-passed out of the '96 tourney by a scrappy, 13th-seeded Princeton squad, falling 43-41. Those backdoor passes—one after another after another—have been replayed and relived during every March Madness since.



Bottoms Up!

A March Madness Drinking Game

As spectator sports go, the NCAA tournament is hard to beat. It delivers riveting drama, wild turns of fortune, and bat-shit-crazy upsets year after year. And yet, we've found a way to make it even *more* entertaining: Try the *Penthouse* NCAA Tournament Drinking Game.



1. 2001 Iowa State Cyclones

The '01 Cyclones, arguably the most talented team ever to play in Ames, featured All-American point guard Jamaal Tinsley and went 25-6 in the loaded Big 12. They led for most of their first-round game against tiny Hampton, but then fell apart, losing 58-57 in the final seconds. Coach Larry Eustachy would go on to resign after photographs featuring him at a college party, drinking beer and kissing female students, were published.

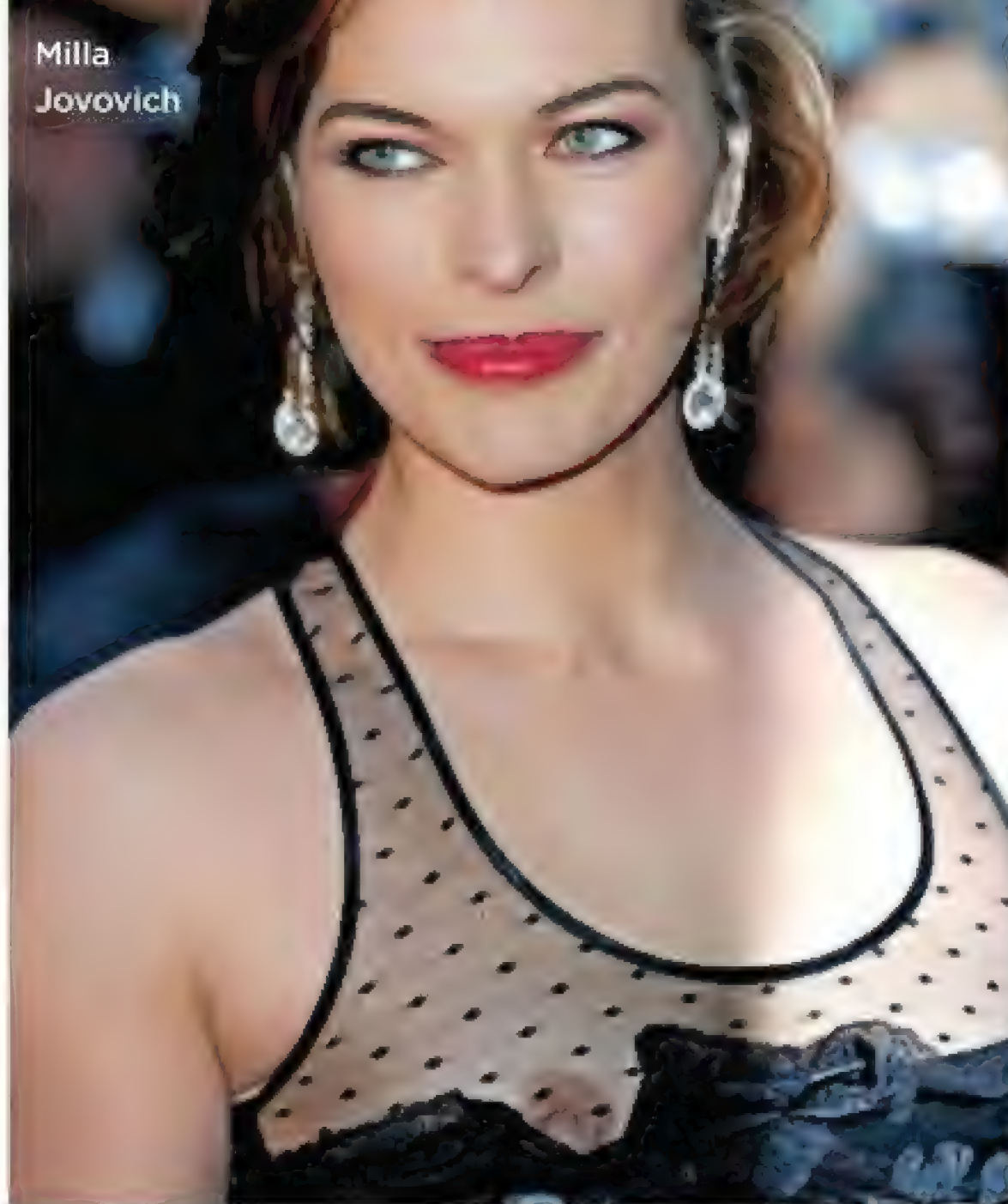
The rules are simple.

- Do a shot every time cameras focus on Ashley Judd during a Kentucky game.
- Do a shot every time Jim Nantz starts off a broadcast with "Hello, friends."
- Do a shot every time Clark Kellogg refers to Jim Nantz as "partnah."
- Do a shot every time Bill Raftery says, "Onions!"
- Chug a beer every time you see video of Bryce Drew hitting his game-winning shot.
- Chug a beer every time you see video of Bryce Drew hugging his father.
- Do a shot every time Gus Johnson says, "Rise and fire!"
- Do a shot every time you see a *60 Minutes* or *Two and a Half Men* promo in the lower left-hand side of your screen.
- Do a shot every time you hear about Purdue forward Robbie Hummel's torn ACL.
- Down a giant glass of milk during the playing of "One Shining Moment."

Don't drink and drive, and feel free to modify as needed for the sake of your liver, especially where Clark Kellogg and close-ups of Ms. Judd are concerned. ☺



Rachel
McAdams



Milla
Jovovich

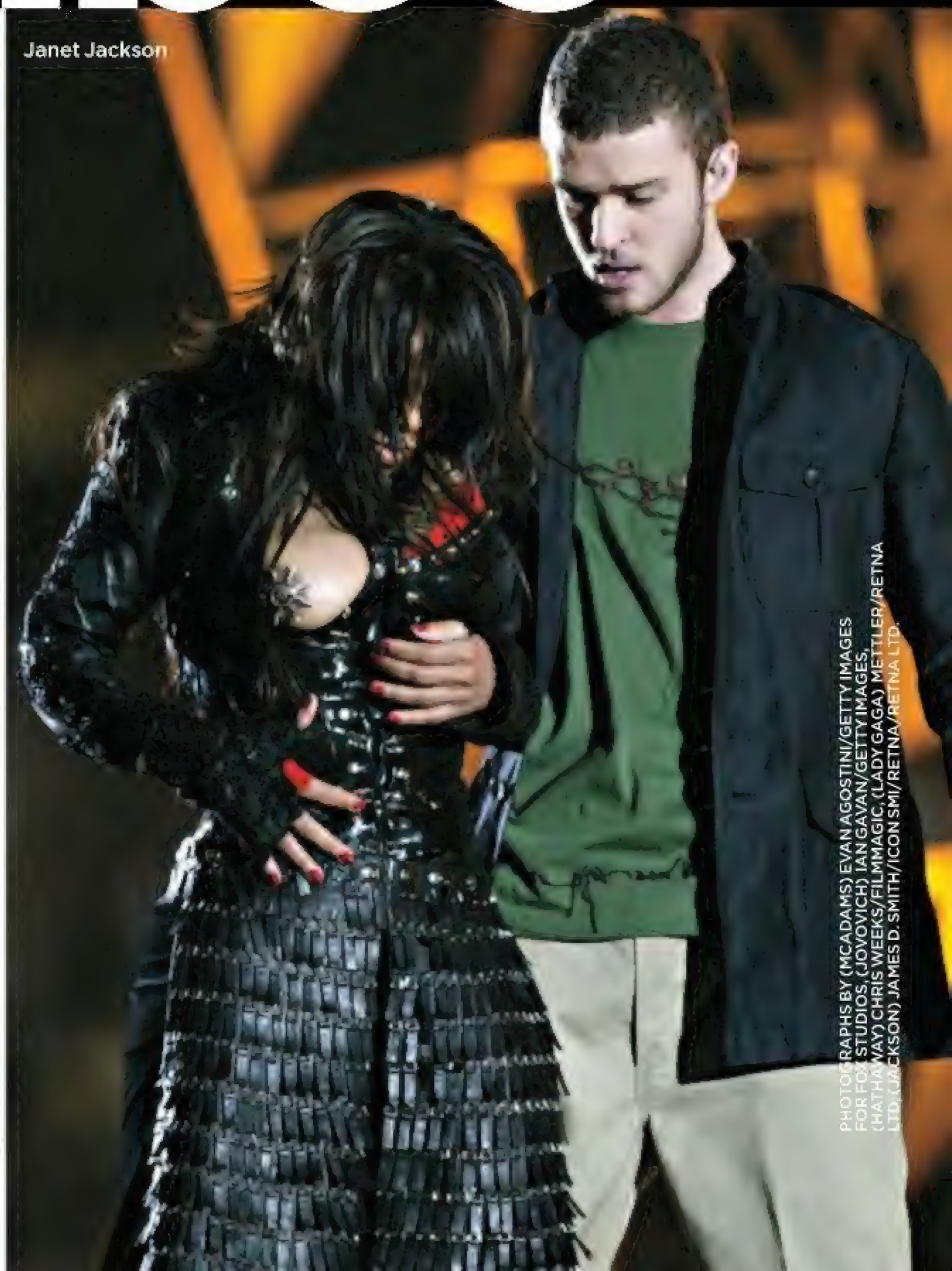


Anne
Hathaway

PeeKaBoo



Lady Gaga



Janet Jackson



Nicki Minaj



Coco

Thank goodness for small pleasures. Although we're no strangers to seeing beautiful women in their birthday suits, sometimes less is more. A tiny peek of flesh can be titillating, especially when it belongs to a superstar not normally seen in

the buff, such as Rachel McAdams or Anne Hathaway. There's something so stimulating about being witness to something that's accidentally revealed. Join us in appreciating our favorite nip slips, including, of course, the history-making "wardrobe malfunction" of the Super Bowl XXXVIII halftime show in 2004. Yes, Miss Jackson, we're nasty.—Christine Colby



Jennifer Lopez



Kelly Rowland



Elizabeth Hurley

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (MINAJ) JOE STEVENS/RETNA LTD., (COCO) LOUIS DOLLAGARAY/RETNA LTD., (LOPEZ) SUE DRUM/FOOD/INTERTOPICS/RETNA LTD., (ROWLAND) DAVE KOTINSKY/FILMMAGIC, (HURLEY) MARK STEWART/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD.

PING PONG HITTERS

Meet Steven Steals and his crew. Last year, they made six figures apiece boosting gear from electronics stores from coast to coast.

By Matt Caputo • Illustrations by Jon Proctor

It's just after lunch on a typical busy workday in an outer borough of New York City. The traffic is still a few hours from hysteria. Supermarkets are receiving their weekly shipments, postal workers are delivering the mail, and a robbery is in progress at one of the largest electronics retailers in the country.

The key element—and the genius—of this robbery is that it won't stand out from the hustle and bustle of lunch hour. The thieves will make off with two of the most expensive laptops on the market, hardly anyone will know they were there, and no one will realize a crime has been committed. Not for a good while, anyway.

Now, before you dismiss two laptops as small potatoes, consider this: These thieves strike frequently, several times a week, and they have a network of fences to turn their illicit merchandise into instant cash. They make a living—a good living—from their escapades.

They've been doing it for years, and they've got it down so well that they have no qualms about sailing into the store's parking lot with weed exhaust pouring out the windows of their

luxury SUV. This will be quick and easy. A two-man diversion job.

Steven Steals [all names in this story have been changed] visited the store the day before and disabled the alarms on a pair of \$2,000 MacBook Airs. He simply released the USB alarm from the side of each computer and plugged them into an adjacent laptop on display. The alarms did sound for a few seconds while disconnected, but the staff disregarded them when they quickly subsided. Steals slipped the laptops into the drawer of a table and left.

Today, he and one of his partners, Nando, are back to finish the job. They

enter the store and immediately find a service rep to distract by asking for help finding a computer charger they don't need. While the service rep is away, Steals and Nando pretend to browse laptops. Standing next to the table, with plenty of other customers milling about, the thieves casually face each other. Nando lifts his shirt and Steals deftly fits the laptop between belt and waist. It's done with the precision and speed of a NASCAR

pit crew. It happens so fast I can understand how everyone else misses it. After a slight pause, they repeat the action with the second laptop.

Now, Nando and Steals simply resume their window-shopping routine.

When the kid helping them returns with the charger, they scoff at the price but thank him and walk to the counter, seemingly ready to check out. They approach the line, only to "change their minds" and return the charger to the cashier, telling him they've decided not to purchase it. They exit past the employees posted at the door, checking receipts. They're out of the store within 15 minutes of entering it, and simply walk through the corridor of the busy mall, stolen laptops stuffed in their shorts.

They pay \$3 to the parking attendant, and will sell the MacBook Airs for about \$1,200 apiece a few weeks later, giving them a tidy profit of \$2,397 for 20 minutes of work over two days.

With the laptops casually strewn across the backseat, Nando and Steals motor to an ice-cream parlor about a mile from the store, and, after finishing the oversize blunt they were smoking before "work," they eat large waffle cones with mounds of multi-colored ice cream.

Just another day in the field for a hardworking team of full-time shoplifters.

Steals and Nando are part of a group of seasoned crooks who travel the country, preying on large chain stores, in search of the most expensive gadgets on the market. They won't tell me the precise number of members in their group, but there are at least five. They're all in their late twenties and have never had real jobs. Since they each make upward of \$5,000 on a good day, they've never needed real jobs. They steal and sell the most expensive laptops, tablets, cameras, musical instruments, and any other premium item there's a market for. They've stolen 400 pairs of Gucci shades on one job, a \$35,000 guitar on another, and, on several occasions, six \$3,000 cameras at a time, and up to eight \$2,500 laptops in a single trip.

Steals, Nando, Bo, and Kev all met during junior high school and grew up in the "Triangle"—the Elmhurst, Corona, and Jackson Heights neighborhoods of Queens, in the shadow of Queens Center Mall on Queens Boulevard. Steals aspires



to one day transition from roving shoplifter to fashion mogul—and it's a plan the others are in on, though the particulars of its execution remain vague. Steals, Bo, and Kev have children, and they rely on a steady stream of theft to pay the bills. But their biggest motivation is freedom. The idea of a constrictive nine-to-five disgusts them; stealing has afforded them a lifestyle most working stiffs can only dream about.

Around the turn of the millennium, they saw the boom in the electronics industry as an opportunity to bring high-end gadgets to those in need at a cut rate. They switched from boosting Polo sweaters and DVDs to laptops, tablets, iPods, and digital cameras. Not only do they steal the latest technological gadgets, but they also use technology to make the job easier. Using a GPS, they map out logical routes to follow. Each thief uses Bluetooth so they can communicate in stores more discreetly—though they rarely need to. “We all know the same system, we all become one,” Steals says. “We work as one unit—we don’t even have to speak; we just look at each other.”

Steals is the leader of the group, and the most experienced. He completed his GED, and says he finished college for fashion design. He’s continually smoking weed or a cigarette, and has a deep, carefully pronounced way of speaking. But he’s also the cowboy of the crew, known for his quick thinking and risk-taking. While most of the guys say they’re comfortable taking two laptops at once, Steals says he’ll typically take three or four. He compares the members of his crew to “pirates” and criminals of the past, especially John Dillinger, who constantly changed locations to keep the authorities off his trail.

A few years ago, in Illinois, Steals jumped off a bridge to distract the police and help his buddies escape. The episode began in a chain store, where they got tripped up. They had to bolt, making it to the highway before being pulled over. “[The cop] was like, ‘Get out of the car!’ I got out of the car and he tried to grab me and throw me in handcuffs, so I fought him off and ran,” Steals says. “I was on the side of a highway and I felt like the bridge was getting low enough for me to jump. I didn’t even look; I just jumped over.”

Steals estimates that he fell four stories. He got up once and fell right



back down, with a broken leg and a broken arm. Talk about taking one for the team: His buddies grabbed the wheel of the car and drove away with a day’s worth of stolen goods that they later turned into cash. As for Steals, “They charged me with... jumping off a bridge,” he says.

A few months after I witnessed the double laptop theft, I meet Steals and several members of his crew—Kev, Bo, and another, quieter guy, Twins. They’re parked next to the train tracks in a quiet section of Queens. Their ride is an ancient 34-foot RV they bought off the street. It’s the kind of vehicle that your grandparents might have bought in 1990. It’s a horrible shade of beige and looks about as safe as an aging wooden roller coaster. There’s enough seating for a dozen people, a small kitchenette, a dining table, and a bedroom with a king-size bed. They plan to revive the vehicle in time for the holidays, when the crew goes on a national shoplifting spree.

They kick off on Thanksgiving night and roll until a few days before Christmas, executing a synchronized plan that crisscrosses the nation. The timing and duration of the trips depend on financial need and market climate. They’ll ride out in a Winnebago (this is their second), or sometimes fly, and then rent a car. They pick a group of five states, map out the entire trip on a GPS, then hit every store they can from opening

until closing. At the end of each day, they’ll ship the stolen goods home or directly to a customer so they’ve got a clean car to continue driving. It’s a game of numbers, and the more stores they hit, the more money they earn, and the more they get from one store, the better.

They eventually turn all the goods into cash via a network of buyers—people using Craigslist and eBay as a filter to sell stolen property, and retailers looking to stock their shelves at a higher profit. They might visit 8 to 10 stores to fill an order of 50 or 100 of a specific item. Usually, they’ll sell the products at a 40 to 60 percent discount. “I’ll make five grand in a day, working for six hours. It’s as much as I want to put into it. It’s not like there’s a bunch of feds looking for us,” Steals says. “It’s just a family-oriented thing. I wouldn’t say we’re gypsies, but I would say we’re like pirates.”

Here are some tricks of the trade they’ve developed over time: Never spend more than 15 minutes in one store. Change cars as often as possible by complaining to the rental service about squeaky brakes or weak air-conditioning, etc. Pay for everything in cash. If you get pulled over, crack the screen of your GPS to erase the device’s history. Blend into your surroundings: If this means donning hunting gear in Colorado or posing as surfers in Santa Cruz, so be it.

As for inside the store, the crew has mastered many of the alarm systems retailers use to secure their goods. According to Steals, they also use “homemade tools” to disable loss-prevention devices. They look like they’re designed to pick locks,



Their sights are set on the annual Black Friday trip, **the one they claim earned them \$340,000 last year.**

and that's exactly what they do. Even without tools, the crew knows that alarms can be quickly silenced.

"It's an alarm system—if you unplug it from a laptop it rings. It has buttons, a power cord, and a big speaker. I'll grab that shit and take it with me like a time bomb, but if I hug it, I'll muffle it enough for me to go to the other side of the store and stuff it into a drawer," says Steals. "I'll take it into the bathroom and pour water over it until it fucks up. I've grabbed a garbage can, gone to the bathroom, filled it with water, and then just dumped the whole shit in the garbage can and it goes *deew* [*makes the sound of a computer abruptly crashing*]. Everything turns off. Then you just rape the whole section."

Another trick involves stuffing a box from inside the store with smaller, more expensive items they've disabled in another section, and then paying for the less expensive item originally contained in the box. Let Steals explain: "One time, I went to another aisle and grabbed this big-ass printer box and I took the printer out

of it, right there in the TV section. I filled it up with 13 items that cost \$1,000 each. I re-taped it right in the back aisle." The items had no alarms, he explains, because Steals had picked the lock on a display case and snatched them from inside. He then proceeded to checkout.

"I took the big box to the register and paid \$70 for \$13,000 worth of shit."


But having the knowledge of alarm systems and a strict, choreographed plan doesn't always protect the crew from attracting attention. Quick thinking is a required skill in this line of work.

"I think it was the day the iPhone 3 came out," says Kev. "We're at the place, and we see people surrounding us, looking at us." Somehow, they'd aroused suspicion, but they hadn't boosted anything yet. They decided to cut bait and get out of there, but security blocked their exit. "They tried to bring us to a room," says Kev, "but we didn't have nothing anyway. What we did have was the working tools. But while they were searching us, they put us against the wall right where the [employee] coat racks were. We took our tools and stuffed them in the coats while they weren't looking."

Steals and his team have warned mall security guards that they can be sued if they injure the crew, even if the thieves are convicted of robbing the store. Typically, though, confrontations don't rise to that level. But the boys have gotten to know the lay of the land in a number of different regions. "If you're in Baltimore, you know the workers are going to be a little tougher than they are in fucking Milwaukee," Steals says. "If you're in the Bronx, well, the employees are thieves themselves, and they're going to see you from afar." Referring to the relatively sleepy environs of the Blue Hen State, he adds, "If you're in Delaware, it's a little bit better."

We speak for nearly two hours, interrupted sporadically by the roar of the passing trains. It's September, and by their standards there's a lull in the stealing season. They'll make some short runs before winter, but their sights are set on the annual Black Friday trip, the one they claim earned them \$340,000 last year. They've worked it out so they hit 200 stores, making about \$2,000 at each stop.

There is risk involved, but so far the ride's been well worth it. "If you just made six grand, do you really want Taco Bell? We're all going to Ruth's Chris Steak House," says Steals. "It's a rock-star life, and it's hard to get out of it when you're used to that kind of income."

Especially if the law has given you no reason to quit—so far. 



[pet of the month]



you'll forget- her-never

There haven't been many Pets from Alaska, but one glimpse at these photos of 26-year-old Chanel Preston makes us think we should head north and check out the ladies living among the wild forget-me-nots in the Last Frontier State. If this is how they grow 'em up there, we might never come back.

Photographs by Dean Capture







"If I could have any job, I'd be an astronomer or physicist. I've always been interested in those fields, and I'm such a research whore that I would love to do that all day."





"I love staying active, so I like hiking, swimming, and even rock climbing. I'm up for anything adventurous. But the most daring thing I've done is skydiving."





“I’ve always had a fantasy about having sex with a stranger, though I wouldn’t just sleep with a drunk guy from a bar. But if it feels right, I’ll go for it.”





CHANEL PRESTON
MARCH 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE BIG RP







“The most exciting place I’ve made love is on the hood of my car while we were parked on the side of the road.”

CHANEL PRESTON
MARCH 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital stats:

26 years old

36D-25-36; 5'8"

Hometown:

Fairbanks, Alaska

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

The snow!

Favorite vacation spot:

I don't have one, because I always want to see and experience different things.

Dream vacation spot:

I haven't been anywhere in Asia, so right now, that's where I'd love to visit.

What do you do for a living?

I'm an adult actress.

Your favorite thing about your job:

Each day is different.

Favorite TV show:

Chopped, on the Food Network.
But my favorite show of all time is *Arrested Development*.

Favorite movies:

Home Alone and *Closer*.

Favorite way to work out:

I love running, but usually I just go to the gym or to a workout class.

Favorite way to relax:

Watching documentaries.

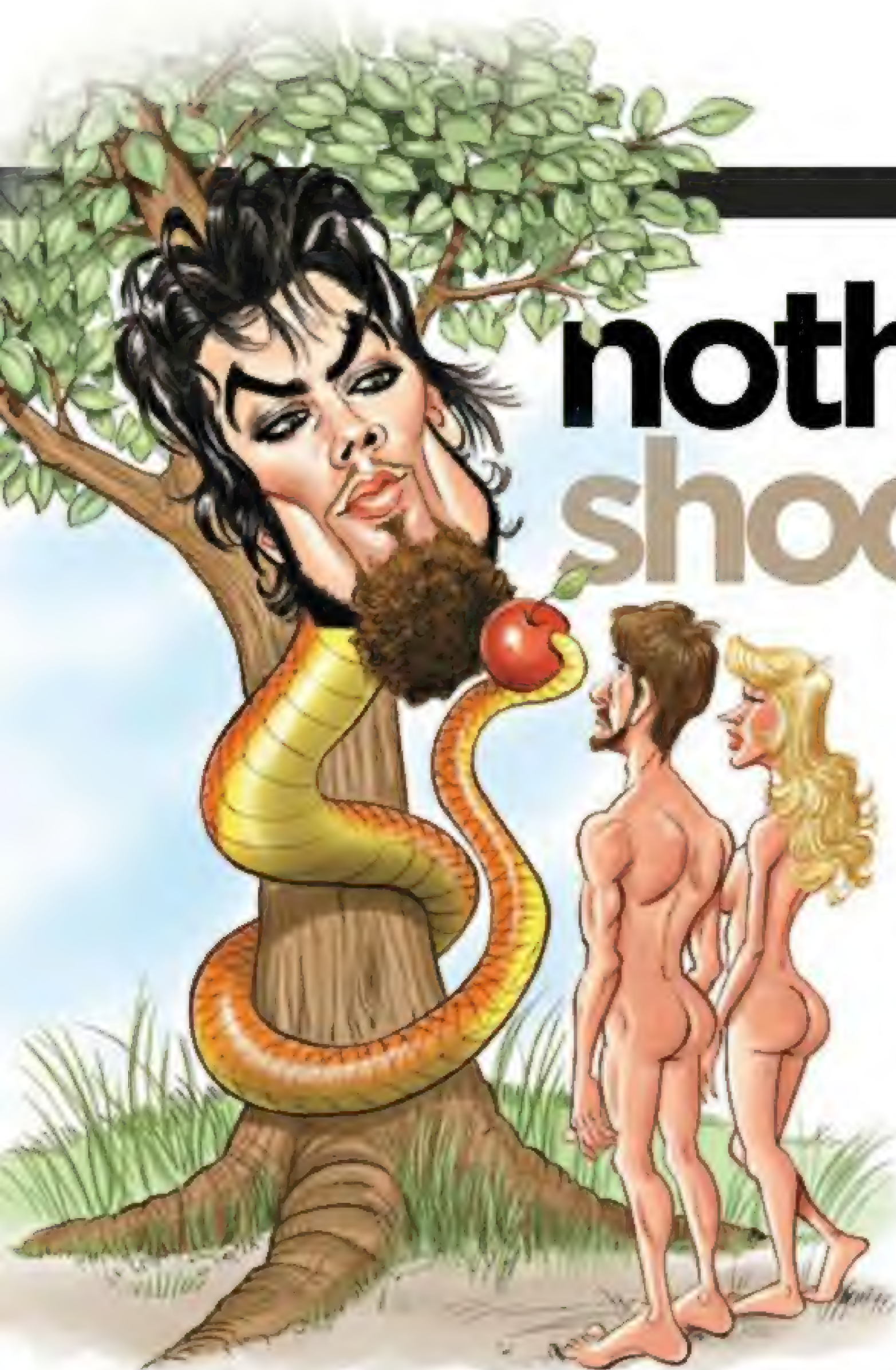
What gets you excited?

Men.

What gets you in trouble?

Men.

SEE MORE OF CHANEL AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro

■ How can you talk your girl into doing a threesome with another girl?

Honestly, if you have to talk her into it, you may not want to go down that road. The whole threesome situation can be an emotional hotbed waiting to blow up in your face if you aren't careful. If your girl isn't already into it, she may feel threatened if she interprets the suggestion as meaning she's not enough for you. Discuss the concept in general terms, and if you sense any hesitation, take your foot off the gas. Pressure her into it and she could end up resenting you for a long time and throwing the idea in your face in the middle of arguments, seemingly out of nowhere. "Oh, yeah? Well, why don't you just go find some whore you can have your threesome with?" (Women love to do this. Ha!) If she doesn't bring up the idea or isn't interested, pushing her into it may do nothing more than cause you to wake up single very soon.

On the other hand, if she is down

with it, have at it! Just make sure you don't take advantage of a drunken evening and have a threesome with a friend of hers. When she wakes up sober, that's when the real fun begins. And by "fun" I mean absolute hell.

The truth is, threesomes are usually better when none of the individuals are in an existing relationship. Sure, there are many couples that are secure enough to do it without repercussions. But in those situations, nobody needs to be "talked into it."

■ Is it ethical to fake an orgasm, or is it another form of lying to your partner?

I suppose it's somewhat unethical, sure. However, the real issue is that you have to lie about it. I would suggest trying to create a more even playing field, and having a

conversation to discuss what works best for you. I mean, you may be robbing him of an ego stroke, but you're also robbing yourself of an orgasm. I don't know what exactly you're accomplishing by faking it. Seems like a lose/lose, as he is more than likely to think everything is good. That means he won't change what he's doing anytime soon.

■ How can you have sex with a guy on the first or second date and have him still respect you? I mean, how much time do you have to waste before finding out if he's good in bed or not? What happens if you wait and he's not good?

Personally, I am very accelerated in this area. I say, it's 2012 and we all know that a physical connection is just as important as emotional and spiritual connections. Why waste time on a movie, dinner, a club, bowling, or whatever else, only to find that when you finally kiss, there's no fire. My advice is not to worry about when you have sex and just to let it flow. Too much thinking on this can destroy the whole thing and put way too much weight on what is probably the most natural thing the two of you will ever do.

■ If you fool around—even just once—with someone who is married, is there any way he can actually like or respect you? (Assuming he liked or respected you in the first place.)

That really depends on the people and the situation. Personally, I say yes. Then again, I am a firm believer in being polyamorous, which is the practice, desire, or acceptance of having more than one intimate relationship at a time with the knowledge and consent of all the parties involved. Anyway, this idea of "respect" is like a buzzword thrown around when dealing with sexual matters. For me? I really don't think the idea of respect gaining or waning is even an issue. I have never respected anyone more or less depending on when or how we have had sex. I think what women pick up on is the fact that the man in question may not try as hard to impress after sex, as he has already had it. But the respect factor is rarely even considered. I think what you may be feeling is a *self-respect* issue. That certainly comes into play when having sex with a married man. Think about it. 

Happy Hours

There's nothing wrong with knocking back a few beers on your friend's couch, but there are certain rites of drunken passage that every guy should experience. That's why we think it's perfectly legit to establish a bucket list solely devoted to alcoholic accomplishments. Here are 50 ideas to get you started. Cheers!

By Kara Wahlgren

Illustrations by
Andrew Wislocki

STRANGE BREWS

Drink them just to say you did.

- **Absinthe.** The "green fairy" has a taboo quality because of its reputation as a hallucinogen. Its rep is undeserved, but it's worth drinking this herbal spirit for its cloudy, science-experiment appearance alone.
- **Moonshine.** Or bathtub gin. Or, at the very least, a shot of Everclear.
- **Mezcal.** If you don't eat the worm, it doesn't count.
- **A 40-ounce bottle of outrageously bad beer**—the kind where you pay with a \$5 bill and have money left over for snacks.
- **A bottle of outrageously expensive champagne**—the kind that severely impacts your ability to pay your rent the following month.



HOLIDAYS ON ICE

Plan your year around these drinking traditions.

- Reserve a table at an Oktoberfest beer tent in Munich. Arrive when it opens and stay all day, subsisting on giant pretzels, whole chickens, and liters of lager.
- Do a Saint Patty's Day pub crawl in Ireland.
- Head to Amsterdam on April 30 for *Koninginnedag* ("Queen's Day"), when revelers honor the royal family by wearing orange and drinking all day and night.
- Celebrate Cinco de Mayo in Mexico.
- Pay too much for a hotel on Bourbon Street during Mardi Gras, but don't spend any time in your room.
- Visit Rio de Janeiro during Carnival.
- Attend a full-moon party—basically a monthly rave—in Koh Phangan, Thailand. (But stick to alcohol, unless "serving time in a Thai prison" is on your other bucket list.)
- Attend the Great British Beer Festival, held in the late summer in London, where you can sample ales, ciders, perries, and international beers with 60,000 of your closest mates.
- Spend a long weekend at the Great American Beer Festival in Denver—held in late September or early October—where more than 450 breweries serve roughly 2,375 different American brews.
- Observe Independence Day in the United States. Alcohol + pyrotechnics = a pretty awesome national tradition, and it's right here in your own backyard (literally). Don't take it for granted.



LIQUID COURAGE

Do something you wouldn't do sober—or at least something that's more fun when you're shit-faced.

- Show up buzzed in a completely inappropriate setting—work, church, brunch with your in-laws—and pull it off without raising suspicions.
- Run a 5K while tipsy.
- Drunk-dial your mom.
- Lock yourself in a hotel room, drink all night, and bang out the first chapter of an epic novel—even if you never finish it.
- Lose your shirt (and pants, and briefs) in a game of strip poker.
- Sleep with someone who requires you having a strong beer-goggle prescription.
- Sleep with someone who's so far out of your league that you know *she's* wearing beer goggles.
- Dance on a table, bar, cage, or stage.
- Sing "Sweet Caroline" at karaoke. Someone's got to be the guy who does it.
- Get blasted with your boss.



STRAIGHT TO THE SOURCE

Trace these classic drinks back to their roots.

- Drink champagne in Champagne.
- Rent a limo to take you around California's Napa Valley. Be the guy who chugs the wine and asks for seconds (and thirds) in the tasting room.
- Find a restaurant or bar with an amazing view of the Amalfi Coast and nurse a limoncello.
- Drink a Margarita in Mexico (but skip the ice, for Montezuma's sake).
- **Drink sake in Japan.**
- Visit the brewery, distillery, or vineyard that produces your favorite poison.
- Drink a Caipirinha in Brazil.
- Sip a Guinness at a pub in Dublin.
- Order a Mint Julep at the Kentucky Derby.
- Make a pilgrimage to the Weißenstephan Abbey in Germany, believed to be the oldest operating brewery in the world. (They were growing hops back in 768. And no, we didn't leave off a digit.)



BRAGGING RIGHTS

Everybody needs a good story to tell.

- Do a body shot off a girl who's too hot to give you the time of day under sober circumstances.
- Leave an astronomical tip for a bartender.
- Learn how to pour a frothless glass of beer.
- Crash a wedding and hit the open bar hard.
- Concoct a foolproof hangover cure, whether it's the perfect hair-of-the-dog drink or an amazing breakfast sandwich.
- Buy a round for everyone at a bar.
- Open and close a bar.
- Get kicked out of a bar.
- Volunteer to be the designated driver for a wild night out. Just once. Your bros will think you're a hero, bars usually give you free (virgin) drinks, and you'll be clearheaded enough to take amazing blackmail photos.
- Wake up with a tattoo you don't remember getting—real or Sharpie.



FUN AND GAMES

Once you've mastered the art of consumption, try these five ways to put your skills to the test.

- **Power Hour.** Take a swig of alcohol every minute for an hour. (We feel the need to warn you that this can add up to 60 ounces or more of beer. That's five bottles. If that's going to flatten you, save yourself the ER visit and bail, or save it for last on your list, just in case.)
- **Edward Fortyhands.** Duct-tape a 40-ounce beer to each hand. The bottle stays until you finish the beer.
- **Sip or strip.** Flip a coin and call it in the air. If you're right, pass it to the next player. If you're wrong, do a shot or remove a piece of clothing. Play as long as you want; everyone's a winner.
- **Movie games.** Make up your own game based on what you're watching. Drink every time someone says "Vegas" in *The Hangover*, every time Mitch rubs his nose in *Dazed and Confused*, every time a spell is cast in *Harry Potter*, every time someone gets a makeover in a chick flick. (Bonus: This makes any movie infinitely more tolerable.)
- **Beer pong.** Everybody and their grandmother has played this. Hell, you might have actually played this *with* your grandmother. Consider it a freebie—something you checked off the list before you even knew you had a list. 

TOTAL RIFFAGE

*Fast-talking, fast-thinking host Jimmy Pardo banters his way through his award-winning podcast, *Never Not Funny*, now in its tenth season—and still living up to its name.*

By Kyle Dowling

You may or may not have noticed, but comedy podcasts have been popping up like toadstools during the past decade. In fact, you could say we're living in a golden age of the medium. Dozens of performers are churning out podcasts on a weekly basis, from Marc Maron's *WTF* to Scott Aukerman's *Comedy Bang Bang* to Doug Benson's *Doug Loves Movies* and more.

There's no shortage of programming—or quality—in the burgeoning scene, but one of the first (and still one of the best) shows on the podcast landscape is Jimmy Pardo's *Never Not Funny*. Now in its tenth season, the program consists of open-ended conversation between Pardo; his producer, Matt Belknap; and a different guest every week (the show posts on Mondays).

While that may not sound, on the face of it, like a formula for high hilarity, the show, which won the RooftopComedy Award in 2008 for Best Comedy Podcast, truly strives to match its title—and it mostly succeeds. That's due in large part to the chemistry between the fast-talking, fast-thinking Pardo and the laid-back Belknap, the Administrator—formerly the Barber, formerly the Entrepreneur, formerly the Producer.

We sent our up-and-coming cub reporter, Kyle Dowling, to talk to Pardo and Belknap, to see if he could get the lowdown on *Never Not Funny* and how it got that way. They told him about the show's origins, its future, and the singular pleasures of mining comedy gold from off-the-cuff riffing.

Thanks for your time today.

Matt Belknap: Sure, no problem.

Jimmy Pardo: Of course. You're doing what I can only assume is a college term paper, so, you know...

[Laughs] I swear it'll be in an actual publication. Can you tell me how the podcast got started?

JP: I had been doing a show at the Upright Citizens Brigade called *Running Your Trap*. At the time, Matt

was a fan and he would come to my shows. He had started a podcast called *AST Radio*, where he'd get inside the minds of comedians and talk about the craft of comedy. He had me on as a guest. I didn't know Matt that well, but when it was over,

he said, "I think I'd have a lot more fun producing a Jimmy Pardo podcast than being the host of my own." I knew a little bit about podcasts. I listened to Ricky Gervais's. So we went back and forth and toyed with the idea, trying to figure out what the show would be.

Did you start with the current format?

MB: The original format was mostly interviews, but when we sat down with Jimmy, it became more of what you now know as *Never Not Funny*. His quick-witted conversational style just sort of took over, and that really became the template for *NNF*.

JP: I had always been told by fans that I should do a blog on my website, but every time I tried to write it sounded like an eighth-grade girl writing in her diary. Writing is not my forte; I'm an improvisational speaker. So when Matt said, "Let's try this podcast," it sounded perfect. The first 10 to 15 minutes were going to be me talking about the previous two weeks of my life, and then I would bring a friend on for the last ten minutes to just riff. So when we sat down to do the very first one, I had [my friend, not the former third baseman] Mike Schmidt with



me; Matt had set it up at my dining room table. Seconds in, I thought it didn't feel right.

MB: We concluded the better approach would be to just do what he had done for that interview, but with a comedian friend of his sitting with us. It could be an audio version of a blog.

It's become quite a fixture in the comedy world. Did you ever think it would be what it is today?

JP: In no way, shape, or form. After doing 100 shows—basically two years of doing a podcast—we were still in a world where nobody knew what a podcast was. I really felt like, *Am I that guy who has a show on cable access at 2 A.M. and thinks he's in show business?* So I told Matt, "Podcasting's not taking off, why don't we try this pay format to see if people would subscribe to it?" I said if nobody comes along with this pay structure, then we'll give it up. Again, this was pre-podcast boom, so who knew what was coming around the corner?

So what made you stay?

JP: The money, I'm not going to lie. [Laughs] It really was. And truth be told, I did enjoy doing it. I just felt a little like the open-mike comic who had business cards, but luckily this cult following that we'd built up came. Here we are, four years later, and people still pay to listen to our show. I'm really pleased with the decision that we made, obviously.

Many of the guests you've had on NNF now have their own podcasts.

JP: It's fascinating to me. Podcasting has become a little incestuous; we're all drawing from the same talent pool.

MB: But even if the format is the same, they're all different because of the personalities behind them. The format is just the vessel. It's the personality that is contained within that vessel that matters, and I think ours is unique.

You've had a wide array of people on, from Conan O'Brien and Jon Hamm to lesser-known names like Ty Burrell and Craig Bierko. Do you find yourself approaching those episodes in the same fashion?

JP: Not so much with people like Jon Hamm, because I knew him a bit. But when we had Ty Burrell on, I had never met him before. With people like him, Craig Bierko, and Conan, I did have to come into it a little differently. I fight the word "interview" with our show because I don't think it's an interview;



I think it's a conversation. It's just friends sitting around a diner like in *Broadway Danny Rose*, chit-chatting about our lives. So with those, I think you have to go into it like a first date. It's not so much an interview as you getting to know the person.

MB: But I will admit that I was star-struck to be sitting next to Conan O'Brien. It's a little intimidating.

Even with him, it never seemed like an interview.

JP: Hopefully. Very rarely will I brag, but I think that speaks to me making people comfortable and being able to talk to them in a conversational style, but still get information. I think it's a

skill that I have. Again, it's like a first date. You're getting to know them.

MB: I think some are more so than others, though—

JP: Boy, I'm thrilled by that first-date analogy. It's really the best analogy I've come up with in 20 years. Kyle, if I may, that's the title of this interview.

Is there a particular guest who you love having on? Someone you know will deliver a show?

JP: Well, there are the go-to's, like Pat Francis, Scott Aukerman, Paul F. Tompkins—the ones you know will sit down and be ready to go.

Is there a guest who you haven't had on that you'd like to?

JP: I'd love to start getting some legends on: Richard Lewis, Joan Rivers, Paul Reiser, Robert Klein. Also, I would love to have Ricky [Gervais]

“[BEFORE THE PODCAST TOOK OFF] I REALLY FELT LIKE, AM I THAT GUY WHO HAS A SHOW ON CABLE ACCESS AT 2 A.M. AND THINKS HE’S IN SHOW BUSINESS?”

on because he is such an inspiration to the podcasting world, in addition to being a brilliantly funny man who could sit there and riff with you.

MB: I’ve always fantasized about having Tina Fey on the show. She’s one of my heroes. And I feel deep down in my heart that someday, somehow, we’re going to get the real Paul Stanley [Kiss rhythm guitarist and lead vocalist]. I think that would be amazing.

Would you have Pat Francis there to do his impression?

MB: If you know Pat, you know his nature, but he is a legitimate fan of Paul Stanley. He’s probably read more interviews with him than anyone. I think he would behave himself for the most part. He might even be starstruck.

Do you prepare conversation topics for the show?

MB: We like to have everything be in the moment. Jimmy thrives on the spontaneity of the format.

JP: The only things that come close are the Pat Francis eBay letters at the live shows. Other than that, I drive to the podcast thinking, *Did anything happen that could be something to jump off of?* Then, before you know it, the mikes are on and we’re talking about clouds for 45 minutes.

Jimmy, how has your off-the-cuff style helped you over the years?

JP: It’s given me a career. Early on, I’d write jokes, go to the open mikes, and when the jokes didn’t work I’d [Johnny] Carson it up and comment on how bad the jokes went, then comment on me commenting, and before you knew it I was deconstructing comedy, even though I didn’t know what that meant at the time. Eventually, Paul Gilmartin said it in a way that I understood, and the very next week I started treating

every show like an open mike. In 1993, I started abandoning [written] material. At the time, there were four bookers in this country who consistently gave me work. They would say, “You’re onto something original. I’m going to bring you back every four months.” I’m very grateful.

You guys do a charity event called Pardcast-a-thon. Could you explain it for our readers?

MB: Pardcast-a-thon is a charity event that we do every year for Smile Train [SmileTrain.org]. They go to Third World countries and help kids with cleft palates.

JP: It’s a 12-hour marathon of *NNF*. We have a different guest on every half hour, somebody from comedy or music.

Comedians are very open about insecurities. Do you think listeners struggling with their own issues find solace in podcasts, to understand they’re not the only ones who are self-doubting or alone?

JP: Absolutely. I think to be that open about insecurities and stuff, it lets people who are not comfortable talking about it with their friends, at risk of being made fun of—which is why they’re insecure to begin with—it’s as you said: *Oh, good, I’m not alone.*

What’s been the key to *NNF*’s longevity?

MB: We built up a really devoted fan base in the beginning. They hear the details of our lives, and I think they’ve built a relationship with us that can’t be replaced by another show. A lot of people have that first-love syndrome with *NNF*.

How much longer will you keep it going?

MB: I think every year we have a conversation about what we can do. We don’t want to change it [drastically], but we want it to evolve in its own organic way.


JP: I have no interest in stopping. It really is fulfilling, and it’s something



I look forward to every Monday. We flop around until we find the funny, and the flopping around is just as entertaining as the funny.

What are your favorite elements of doing the show?

JP: The creative outlet. I love going somewhere once a week, riffing and having fun with friends, and this cultlike fan base—and I mean that positively—that we are making a connection with. It’s the freedom to be creative and being able to reach people. It sounds hokey, but it’s the truth.

MB: I love when something indelible comes out of an organic moment. I think the most recent example is the [bit] “Stallone in a Bottle.” It really was just Jimmy accidentally talking with the bottle next to his mouth and doing a weird voice. What I like about that, and *NNF* in general, is that it has the capacity to generate something that never would have come about otherwise. The fact that we were talking into microphones at that moment and captured it, it felt sort of magical that it can occur and become a piece of comedy. It’s fun to remember that we created that as a group. 



[harley]





no strings

Sultry 21-year-old Harley Spencer says she's a typical Sagittarius: outgoing, adventurous, and carefree. The 35-27-35 brunette continues, "I love trying new things and traveling (although I haven't had the chance to do much yet), and I'm always the first one to suggest a game of strip poker." Yep, she's our kind of girl.

Photographs by Dive Productions



"Sorry, guys, sports aren't my thing. I'll watch UFC or hockey once in a while, but unless you're talking about male genitalia, I'm no good with balls."








"Getting caught masturbating by the pizza-delivery guy would be better than getting caught by my parents. Maybe I could entice him to help! But my parents have caught me masturbating ... and worse."







"Contrary to popular belief, sex on a first date isn't a terrible thing. Sure, you might be considered easy, but so what? If the guy I'm dating thinks negatively of me for wanting to fuck early on, then he's not for me—and he's a prick."





"I've gotten it on in a lot of exciting places: open fields, hot tubs, movie theaters, on top of an army tank at a military museum, on the couch with family in the room, in the woods, in a swimming hole, in cars, in the guy's parents' bedroom, etc. I think the tank takes the cake!"

SEE MORE OF HARLEY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



Stimulus Package

Porno Jim is on a quest to improve the quality of pornography—and to keep us all coming, again and again.

Interview and photographs by Alexander Colby

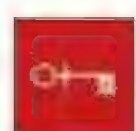
New York City is home to an ever-increasing array of nightlife diversions, from the mundane to the profane. For the better part of a decade, one regularly occurring option—live or via podcast—has been a wildly entertaining yet curiously educational evening with Jim Graham, better known by his stage moniker, Porno Jim. *The Porno Jim Show's* subject matter is right there in the name, and Jim is pulling no punches in his mission to help couples and individuals achieve better sex with sexual media. Often he'll include a guest speaker, special go-go dancers, or burlesque acts, but the core of the show is, simply enough, Porno Jim himself pontificating with razor-sharp wit at breakneck speed upon the state of pornography—what purpose it serves (hint: it's all about better orgasms, for both men and women) and how it achieves these ends—accompanied, of course, by the appropriate visual aids.

Your motto is: America needs better porn! There's something wrong with American porn? It seems to do the trick ...

Even bad porn has naked women in it, so it is capable of providing that vital bit of excitement needed to improve a man's masturbation, but if Americans watched better-quality porn, their orgasms would be much more powerful. Most adult videos are made with the expectation that viewers will fast-forward in search of the parts that their penises respond

to. I want to see more porn where the sexuality is intense enough to keep you and your penis interested through the whole scene.

American sexuality is constantly evolving, and porn both reflects and expands our collective sexual experience. In a real sense, porn is just the stylized depiction of sex acts being performed by sexual athletes. Some of these acts are very advanced and push the limits of these performers (which can be the hottest thing about the scene), but most are



[the skin trade]

not much different from the sex most adults enjoy regularly.

If we're just fast-forwarding to the scenes our junk responds to, why does anyone bother making anything other than the good stuff?

Partly because making good porn is not easy, but mostly because people respond sexually to a wide range of situations and imagery. Adult-film directors generally fill each sex scene with a few minutes of as many popular sex acts and positions as time and money allow. Many porn producers would tell you that it is all good stuff to somebody, so who are they to judge?

Well, I believe that these theoretical porn consumers have been blamed for bad porn for too long. I'd like the adult industry to replace their 40-year-old ideas of what sex is supposed to look like with more accurate representations of good sex. Specifically, I want to see more women having orgasms in porn scenes. Showing viewers that a woman's climax can and should happen as often as a man's would be at least as important educationally as making on-screen condom use mandatory.

It's hard to imagine anyone arguing against more female orgasms in porn, or in life. While we're on the subject, want to elaborate a little about condom use in porn?

I believe that condom use should be determined by the plot of the scene. If the performers are claiming to be husband and wife, then condoms wouldn't be necessary, but if they are supposedly hooking up for the first time, they should always use condoms. This is the limit of the sex education and safer-behavior priming that the adult industry can hope to accomplish. Gonzo porn would be different: There, we're dealing with porn stars having sex with porn stars, so we know that those people have been recently tested and know the risks.

This way, porn can set the correct example for consumers, teaching them that if you want to have unprotected sex, either form a committed relationship with your partner or become a porn star.

Duly noted. Back to orgasms ... *The Porno Jim Show* features some nice clips of such moments, but you also deal with plenty of other subjects, like porn parodies of classic films and TV shows, begging the question,



“American sexuality is constantly evolving, and porn both reflects and expands our collective sexual experience.”

what place does comedy have in porn? Don't the laughs get in the way of the sex, or vice versa?

Fast-forwarding is a basic part of porn watching, so making the connective parts of the video funny in no way limits people's erotic options, and when done well, any good feelings that the actors generate while they are wearing clothes can carry over

to the naked parts. But more than a few recent scripts have called for the performers to keep establishing their characters well past the point where anyone cared, and that resulted in some of the best porn of the year.

There will always be a lot of porn fans who want to see truly outrageous sexual behavior, to get a glimpse of the outer limits of human sexual behavior and nervously laugh at it. So each *Porno Jim Show* includes a segment featuring the weirdest and funniest porn clips I can find. I call it the Porntage.

The Porntage is definitely a highlight of the show, and the crowd's reaction to some of the more extreme clips alone is worth the price of admission.

When people search the internet for porn, they're usually looking to get turned on, but humans are forever curious about the sexual fringe, and they want to see some freaky shit, too. The Porntage is my way of giving my audience a quick glimpse into the world of the weirdly erotic. Experiencing porn with an audience is so much different from viewing it alone on your laptop, especially since some of these clips are hilarious, while others are quite shocking. I regularly post new Porntages on my website, PornoJim.com. Though they aren't very jackable, they're a lot of fun to watch (and to create).

Your show also provides insight into your own sexual psychology, by way of the things that shaped your interests from an early age; it's a personal revelation that gives an audience something universal to relate to.


Traditionally, I start *The Porno Jim Show* with a clip from an old silent stag film, to give the audience a little history lesson, along with introducing them to the best and worst of the newest releases. But in my latest

performance, I start off by showing a clip from an early Meat Loaf video that I often masturbated to when I was 14, and some segments from the best porn videos I saw when I was growing up.

I like to end the show with the sexiest, most intensely orgasmic clips I can find, to give the audience something to think about on their way home. My show is designed to get my audience laid. If you come to my show on a date, you are twice as likely to get some action than if you just took her out to some movie.

In fact, every couple of months I perform an extra-kinky version of *The Porno Jim Show* at a private sex party. The sexiest clips are in the second half of the show, so the orgy can start as soon as I say good night to the audience. I also create special shows for bachelorette and birthday parties.

What can we, this nation of consumers, do to help the cause of better porn?

Please buy, rent, or make the best porn videos that you can, because if we all start watching only the good porn, then the industry will take notice and start making even better porn, while the bad pornographers will go out of business. This is simple porn Darwinism. 



Parody Paradise

Porno Jim picks the funniest (but still jackable) releases of the twenty-first century, which can be a great jumping-in point for a woman uncomfortable with the idea of watching porn.

★ *THE BIG LEBOWSKI: A XXX PARODY* (New Sensations)

In easily the most entertaining parody made (so far), director Lee Roy Meyers pays homage to the sexiest parts of the Coen brothers' original. Porn icon Tom Byron delivers an iconic performance as the Dude.

★ *JOANNA'S ANGELS 1-3* (Burning Angel)

Charlie's Angels reimagined as alt-porn comedy, directed by the amazing Joanna Angel. All three editions feature the hilarious Tommy Pistol, the handsome James Deen, and a bevy of tattooed vixens, but *JA2: Alt Throttle* had the best sex scenes.


★ *THE ROCKI WHORE PICTURE SHOW: A HARDCORE PARODY* (Wicked Pictures)

Solid performances from Jessica Drake as Janet, Randy Spears as Riff Raff, and especially Mac Turner as Frank-N-Furter make this nonmusical version of the ultimate pro-sex cult movie a contender for movie of the year.

★ *SCOOPY DOO: A XXX PARODY* (New Sensations)

Scooby is missing, so the humans in his gang (including Bree Olson and Bobbi Starr) search for him. Along the way, they solve several mysteries and wind up in a celebratory foursome.

★ *BATMAN XXX: A PORN PARODY* (Vivid Video)

Superhigh production values and a clear appreciation for the sixties-TV-show source material result in an amazing example of pornificence. Dale DaBone as Batman and James Deen as Robin prove just how dynamic a duo they are when they double-team Catwoman (Tori Black). I just wish she had kept her mask on! 



FIXING HER FURNACE

MY HUSBAND TRAVELS A LOT ON BUSINESS, BUT FORTUNATELY FOR ME HE UNDERSTANDS MY NEED TO EASE MY SEXUAL FRUSTRATION WHEN HE'S AWAY. I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO DO JUST THAT WHEN THE FURNACE STOPPED WORKING LAST MONTH. I IMMEDIATELY CALLED THE OIL COMPANY, AND THEY DISPATCHED TWO SERVICEMEN, HAL AND MATT, TO HELP.

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

They had the furnace up and running in no time.



Hal found me in the rec room.



Is there anything else I can do for you?

Without waiting for an answer, Hal kissed me and I kissed him back.



He pulled my shirt off.



I unzipped his pants,



and started sucking his dick.



Matt started tugging at my jeans.



Then his cock was pressing against my slippery cunt. I pushed back against him and he filled me completely. As soon as he started fucking me, I came.



When Matt withdrew, I felt his jism running out of me. I kept sucking on Hal's cock until he shot his load in my mouth. I swallowed every drop, milking him dry.



Maybe we should come back tomorrow to check on the furnace.

Great idea!



THE END



ladies' room

When Kristen checked into her hotel room, she never expected to find the maid in the bathroom, completely nude and ripe for the taking. Never one to pass up such a serendipitous opportunity, Kristen got up-close and personal with Asa, wasting no time in making sure the lithe beauty gave a thorough spit-shine to every inch of Kristen's prime real estate—and that she got as good as she gave.

Photographs by
Luke Coolhand















SEE MORE OF ASA AND KRISTEN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.







Paying for It

A hot tale from the upcoming Letters to Penthouse XXXIV: Exposed: Unexpected Horny Hookups, published by Grand Central Publishing.

My husband lost his job this spring, and for a few months we were really struggling to make ends meet. One day I was in the supermarket without enough money to buy food for dinner, so I made the unfortunate decision to shoplift. I had never done that before, so I wasn't very good at it, and of course I got caught. A security guard escorted me to his office and called in the store manager.

Well, I didn't want to go to jail, so I figured there was only one way I could get out of this. But first I tried playing on their pity. I started to cry, and between sobs I told them about the hard times we were having at home, and about my three hungry children. I said that my husband would never understand, and that I would do anything if they wouldn't call the police.

The manager seemed sympathetic, and when I noticed him checking me out I knew I would be all

right. I'm five foot five and about 130 pounds, with 36C breasts and long brown hair. I was wearing a skirt and a white blouse, and when I crossed my legs I was careless about letting my skirt ride up over my thighs. I stopped crying and told them again, more meaningfully this time, that I would do anything. *Anything.*

The manager looked at the guard, then asked me if I was serious about doing anything. Without hesitation I said yes, I was, and to show them just what I meant, I began to unbutton my blouse.

The manager nodded at the guard, who went over to the door and latched it. The manager then got up and moved behind my chair. He started rubbing my shoulders, saying, "There, there, it's going to be okay. Just relax." I was relaxed enough, and was even starting to get excited, especially when his hands slid down to my breasts and gave them a squeeze. When I offered no resistance, he began unbuttoning my blouse, taking up where I had left off. He pushed down the straps of my bra,

releasing my breasts. Then he moved around in front of me and knelt down so he could suck them. Meanwhile, the guard was standing there watching.

Something about the situation was getting to me. I was oddly aroused by being half-naked in front of two strange men, and the sensation of the manager sucking on my nipples was making me squirm in my chair. Suddenly I felt his hand sliding under my skirt. I moaned as it crept up my thigh, and I let my legs fall open slightly. As soon as he reached my wet panties, he began rubbing my pussy through them. The feeling was unbelievable.

After a minute of





WHEN THE MANAGER PULLED OUT OF MY MOUTH, THE SECURITY GUARD TOLD ME TO LEAN OVER HIS DESK. HE BEGAN TO FUCK ME HARD, AND THE FEELING WAS THRILLING.

that, he stopped sucking my breasts and pushed my skirt up to my waist. Then he hooked his fingers into the waistband of my panties and slowly pulled them down my legs and off my feet. He bent down and kissed my upper thighs, then worked his way to my pussy. As I moaned and gasped, he pulled me forward so that my ass was right on the edge of the chair, and then proceeded to suck and lick hungrily at my soaked snatch.

I felt myself coming to a climax, and I couldn't stop it. My head fell back, rolling from side to side as I cried out with passion. My eyes met those of the guard, who looked down at me as I came, and his watching made me come harder.

The manager stood up then and dropped his pants, revealing his hard cock. He rubbed it all over my moaning mouth, and I willingly opened up for him as he slid it in. His cock was small enough so that I could take it all in without gagging, and I sucked him hard as he fucked my face. He didn't last long, and I swallowed his jizz as he shot it deep into my throat.

When he pulled out of my mouth the security guard stepped forward. I smiled at him, and he told

me to stand and lean over his desk. As I did I heard his pants drop, and the next thing I knew he was entering my pussy from behind. I hadn't seen his cock, but it felt enormous inside me. It took him a while to work it all the way in, and I felt very full when he had finally done it. Grasping my hips, he began to fuck me hard, and the feeling was thrilling. He had stamina, too, and I came twice more before he stiffened and shot inside me.

He then pulled out of me and pulled up his pants. I realized that he hadn't said a word to me since he'd called in the manager. I got dressed with his semen still running down the insides of my thighs.

The manager then told me to go home and not to let him catch me shoplifting in his store again. I grinned at him and asked him if he was sure that was what he wanted. He grinned back. "Well," he said, "on the other hand ..."

I didn't tell my husband how I paid for the groceries, of course, and soon after that he got a well-paying job, so I didn't have to think about shoplifting any more. But occasionally, when I'm back in that supermarket, I feel tempted to do it anyway.—G.F., Arizona

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CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Sex by the Numbers

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

Twenty years ago, sex researchers at the University of Chicago achieved something monumental: the first-ever national survey of the sex lives of Americans. For decades, marketing magi and political pollsters had been using large-scale, random-sample surveys to gauge the nation's tastes and habits in everything from buying breakfast cereal to picking presidents. But no one had bothered to use the same methods to answer basic questions about our sexual behavior. In the nineties, almost all assumptions about sex in America were based on the 40-year-old studies by sex researcher Alfred

Kinsey. But the America of *I Love Lucy* and Dwight D. Eisenhower bore little resemblance to the America of *In Living Color* and Bill Clinton.

Kinsey's research methods were antiquated as well. He surveyed more than 10,000 people, but they were all white, and mostly college-educated young adults. At the time, and for decades afterward, that was the only slice of America that most academics paid any attention to. By the late 1980s, however, scientists were no longer content to generalize Kinsey's observations about white, white-collar Americans to everyone else. What's more, the HIV/AIDS crisis demanded accurate facts about the nation's sexual mores that previously seemed

too trivial or unseemly for mainstream scientists to investigate.

In 1989, it was the U.S. Congress that asked the Chicago researchers for a frank and up-to-date survey of American sexual behavior. But when the researchers pitched their project, the government refused to fund it, deeming it too prurient. The Robert Wood Johnson Foundation ultimately paid for it. The study, known as the National Health and Social Life Survey, was published in 1992.

As eye-opening as those findings were, they've gone stale over the past two decades. Fortunately, researchers from Kinsey's own Indiana University have provided fresh data via the National Survey of Sexual Health and Behavior.

So how do we compare with our contemporaries—adults ages 18 to 59—of 20 years ago? Here we take a look at some of the more common sexual practices that both surveys covered.

Highlights of Our Sexual Culture

1873 The Comstock Act makes it illegal to send any obscene, lewd, and/or lascivious materials through the mail, including contraceptive devices and information on abortion.

1915 *A Free Ride*, the first reported porno/stag film in America, is released, with a running time of ten minutes.

1953 Hugh Hefner publishes the first issue of *Playboy* magazine in December.

1958 *Lolita* is published in New York to wide controversy. The novel by Vladimir Nabokov describes the obsession a middle-aged professor has with a precocious 12-year-old girl.

1960 The Pill, an oral contraceptive for women, is approved for use in the United States.

1969 *Oh! Calcutta!* opens off-Broadway in New York City and features sex-related sketches with extended nudity.

1969 *Midnight Cowboy* is released, and in 1970 becomes the first and only X-rated movie to receive an Academy Award for Best Picture.

1969 The Stonewall riots in New York City launch a worldwide gay-rights movement.

1973 *The Devil in Miss Jones* is released by Gerard Damiano, the same director behind *Deep Throat*.

1973 As a result of *Roe v. Wade*, abortion becomes legal throughout the United States.

1950

1960

1970

1928 *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is published. The novel by D. H. Lawrence includes explicit descriptions of the sexual relationship between a working-class man and an aristocratic woman.

1948 Dr. Alfred Kinsey publishes the survey results from a ten-year study in a report titled *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, followed by *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* in 1953.

1966 Masters and Johnson publish *Human Sexual Response*, a landmark book on their studies of human sexuality.

1968 *Greetings*, a film by Brian De Palma starring Robert De Niro, is the first movie to receive an X rating.

1969 Bob Guccione publishes the first U.S. issue of *Penthouse* magazine in September.

1969 *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)* is published. The sex manual by Dr. David Reuben spends 64 weeks on *The New York Times* best-seller list.

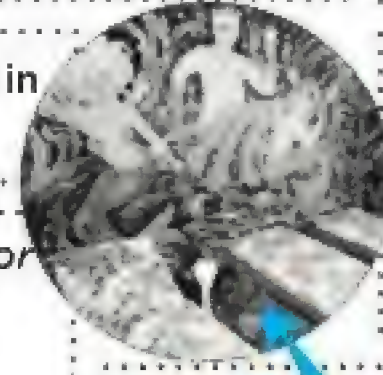
1970 Abortion is legalized in New York State.

1972 *Behind the Green Door* and *Deep Throat* are the first feature-length hardcore-porn films shown in mainstream movie theaters nationwide.

1973 Nancy Friday publishes the best-seller *My Secret Garden*, a collection of real women's sexual fantasies.

1973 A United States Supreme Court ruling defines "obscenity," effectively legalizing the distribution of pornography.

1977 Larry Levenson opens Plato's Retreat in New York City, a swingers' club for hetero couples.





Masturbation has clearly undergone a renaissance in the past two decades. Twenty years ago, men were more likely to view jacking off as a last resort for guys who couldn't get any pussy. Women suffered under the impression that good girls didn't do that, or that they needed a man to make them come. Today, fewer American men and women deny themselves self-pleasure for any reason. Women in particular have embraced it with gusto. The percentage of women who had masturbated at least once in the past year has gone from less than half to two-thirds, and the percentage of women who frequently "Jill off" has doubled.

MASTURBATION

	MEN		WOMEN	
	20 years ago	Today	20 years ago	Today
Masturbated in the past year	63%	78%	42%	63%
Masturbated a few times a month to weekly	21%	25%	11%	20%
Masturbated more than once a week	17%	33%	4%	8%

Please Turn Over ➔

1980 Dr. Ruth Westheimer's sex-advice radio show debuts on WYNY in New York City.

1981 The first case of AIDS is reported in the United States.

1982 *The G Spot and Other Recent Discoveries About Human Sexuality* is published. The book popularizes the term "G spot," and becomes a best-seller.

1990 *Henry & June* is the first film in the U.S. to get the new NC-17 rating.



1991 Basketball legend Magic Johnson announces he has HIV and retires from the L.A. Lakers.

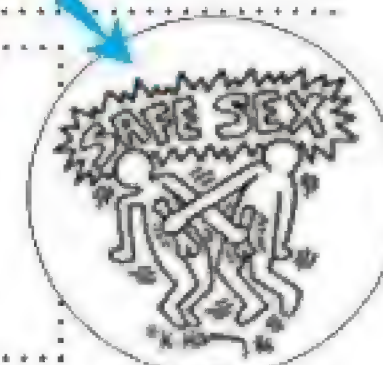
1992 *Seinfeld* episode "The Contest" depicts Jerry and friends competing to see who can go the longest without masturbating.

1998 An inappropriate relationship between President Clinton and Monica Lewinsky, an unpaid intern, makes headlines. The Starr Report, aka "All the President's BJs," is released, prompting debate over the precise definition of "sexual relations."

1999 *American Pie* debuts in theaters, setting the tone for public discourse on sex in the next decade.

2002 The Museum of Sex opens on Fifth Avenue in New York City.

2003 The United States Supreme Court strikes down the 14 remaining state laws against sodomy.



2004 Oprah discusses oral and anal sex on daytime TV. Despite numerous complaints, the FCC does not fine *The Oprah Winfrey Show*.

1980

1990

2000

1984 The September issue of *Penthouse* magazine features nude pictures of Vanessa Williams, the first African-American to hold the Miss America crown. Williams is stripped of the title.

1985 Actor Rock Hudson releases a statement that he's dying of AIDS.

1989 Laws against sodomy are repealed in 26 states.

1994 U.S. Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders is fired by President Clinton for her comments in favor of promoting masturbation as a way to prevent HIV/AIDS.

1995 With the arrival of the internet, 16 million users worldwide have access to everything they ever wanted to know about sex and more.

1997 Tristan Taormino's *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* is published.

2000 Internet users number 304 million worldwide.

2001 Internet porn sales total \$1 billion in the United States, matching adult-VHS/DVD and -magazine sales.

2002 Laws against sodomy are repealed in ten more states.



2008 A federal appeals court strikes down a Texas ban on sex-toy sales.

2011 Internet users number 1.97 billion worldwide.

2011 U.S. sex-toy market estimated at \$15 billion.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

On September 11, 1998, Kenneth Starr's investigative report on President Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky brought the topic of oral sex into the mainstream American living room. Talking heads on TV speculated about how the graphic details in the Starr Report would impact America. Were those infamous oral antics in the Oval Office evidence that oral sex was already commonplace in America, or would they inspire the body politic to suck dicks and lick clits like never before? Well, here's the evidence. Americans were already getting a lot of head in 1998; and as time went by, they got and gave more. Twenty years ago, fewer than three-quarters of American women had ever performed or received oral sex. Today, men and women are roughly equal, with more than 80 percent of both sexes having some oral experience.

ORAL SEX

	MEN		WOMEN	
	20 years ago	Today	20 years ago	Today
Ever performed oral sex on a partner	77%	82%	68%	82%
Ever received oral sex from a partner	79%	85%	73%	84%




ANAL SEX

	MEN		WOMEN	
	20 years ago	Today	20 years ago	Today
Ever had anal sex	26%	40%	20%	40%

Twenty years ago, "butt fucker" was as grave an insult as one could hurl. While it is still possible to meet an adult who hasn't tried anal sex at least once, butt fucking doesn't carry half the stigma it once did. In the past 20 years, a generation of Americans has grown up with much less antipathy toward gays and things associated with gayness. That generation has also included a multitude of abstinence-pledgers, many of whom tried anal sex before vaginal sex, believing that they were preserving their virginity. The percentage of women who have ever tried anal sex has doubled since 1992—but in order to equal the percentage of women who have ever had oral sex, it would have to double again.



An interesting, if subtle, change in Americans' sex lives in the past 20 years has been a decreased emphasis on vaginal penetration. A sexual encounter between a man and woman is less likely to include vaginal intercourse today than in the past: 80 percent of men's sexual encounters now involve vaginal sex, compared with 90 percent in 1992. This suggests that men's ideas about what it means to "have sex" may have changed. It appears they're more willing to engage in some other sex act, like oral sex or mutual masturbation, as an end in itself, and not just as foreplay. 

VAGINAL SEX

	MEN		WOMEN	
	20 years ago	Today	20 years ago	Today
Most recent sex with partner included vaginal intercourse	90%	80%	89%	86%



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teenage dream

Nineteen-year-old Leilani Leane says she's "just one of the guys," but her perfectly petite 34-24-36 body says otherwise. We're sure you'll agree she's all woman. And one hell of a woman, at that, as demonstrated by this comment: "I never wait till the third date or anything to have sex. In fact, I generally won't date a guy if we haven't slept together. I'm definitely promiscuous."

Photographs by Jose Cardenas







"Taking risks is a huge turn-on. I'm very spontaneous, and I love feeling the adrenaline rush of there being a chance I'll get caught doing something risky—or risqué. Like when a boyfriend and I had sex in a very public spot. That was hot!"

"Guys who have a good education are sexy. I hate feeling like I have to dumb myself down to talk to someone. Being pretty doesn't mean I'm not smart, too."







"If I could be anyone else, I'd be Aphrodite. It would be cool to be a goddess. But if I could fuck anyone? Porn star Manuel Ferrara. I really want to have sex with him. I've heard nothing but good reviews."





"I really like being the center of attention, so I love posing nude. I listen to dubstep a lot, especially before a shoot. It puts me in a sexy mood and gets me to move my body. And I usually flirt with the photographer during a shoot, just to keep my adrenaline up."

SEE MORE OF LEILANI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



SIN CITY SWAP

My girlfriend and her best friend like to plan trips together, and they decided to make their most recent excursion for couples. The girls planned a weekend getaway to Las Vegas, and Matt and I were happy to go along.

Annie booked a two-bedroom suite, with Matt and Nikki in the other room, wanting to make the trip as luxurious as possible. Even our plane tickets were first-class. The girls had gone all-out for this trip—and that wasn't all they had planned for us.

During dinner the first night, my girlfriend whispered to me, "Don't you think Nikki looks good tonight?" I agreed that she did, but told Annie that she looked better. My girlfriend giggled and thanked me, then said, "She looks good enough to eat, I think. Do you want to do that? Eat Nikki? Maybe kiss her, touch her ... fuck her?"

Truth be told, I'd thought about banging Nikki more than a few times, and it sounded like Annie actually *wanted* me to sleep with Nikki—which made me wonder if she wanted to fuck Matt. So I asked her.

"Nikki and I have been talking," she replied, "and we think it might be fun to try something new. We thought this would be a good time to do it."

"Do what?" I asked, my curiosity piqued even more.

"Swap partners," she said, as if it was obvious. "It sounds fun. Will you try it?"

I was surprised, but I shouldn't have been. Annie's always been a bit wilder than me, and she is constantly after me to try new things in the bedroom. I usually give in to what she wants, and this time was no different.

Across the table from us, it seemed as if Nikki and Matt were having a similar conversation. No one said anything definite, but it was clear that we were going to trade dates when we got back to our rooms.

The flirtation started at the table, but it was nothing intense or over-the-top. Nikki slid her chair closer to me, and Annie slid closer to Matt. Then Nikki's hand went under the table and came to rest on my thigh. She rubbed her hand up and down, then squeezed my leg, but that was all. It was simple yet sexy, and it definitely got my blood pumping, but nothing else happened until we were back in our suite.

As soon as the four of us walked in, things heated up. Annie made the first move, pulling Matt in to kiss him, her chest pressing against his as their lips met. Nikki and I watched them



for a moment. I was impressed by my girlfriend's boldness, and excited by seeing her kiss someone else. It was something I'd never expected to witness, and even though I thought I should be jealous, I was nothing but aroused. It was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen.

Watching Matt and my girlfriend gave me the push I needed to make a move on Nikki. She was standing next to me, so I grabbed her around the waist, pulling her to me and kissing her soundly, the same way Annie was kissing Matt. Nikki returned the kiss immediately, her lips and tongue dueling with mine for control, and then she just took over. She ripped at my clothes, undressing me until I was wearing nothing but my boxer briefs. She was still fully clothed, though, so I hurried to reciprocate. I unzipped her dress, and the short, strapless garment fell to the floor, leaving her in nothing but a tiny thong. She looked

As Nikki's cunt gripped my dick, I glanced over at my girlfriend. Matt's come was dripping out of her pussy.

even hotter than I'd imagined.

Nikki let me admire her for only a second before she was on me again, this time pulling my underwear down past my erection and getting on the floor in front of me. She took the head of my shaft between her lips and sucked. The way she moved her lips and tongue around my dick felt amazing, and I thrust my hips, pushing my cock further into her mouth. As I fucked Nikki's mouth, I watched Matt go down on my girlfriend across the room. He was going at her pussy like it was the last one he'd ever get to eat, and Annie was going wild. She was moaning and screaming from the sheer amount of pleasure she was experiencing.

Seeing my girlfriend so aroused was a huge turn-on, and I thrust harder into Nikki's throat. She was a talented cocksucker, and she was able to deep-throat me without any trouble. She made taking a seven-inch dick down her throat seem easy, and as she swallowed around me several times—a move that made my already-hard cock even harder—she kept swirling her tongue around the shaft. It was almost enough to make me come, but I managed to hold out—mostly by closing my eyes and ignoring the sounds of pleasure

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coming from across the room.

Nikki dropped my cock from her mouth and stood up again, kissing me hard and rubbing herself against me. I had to fuck her as soon as possible. I picked her up and she wrapped her legs around my waist, her wet pussy less than an inch from my hard dick. I took a few steps over to the couch and leaned over so Nikki's back was on it, then I pushed my cock into her.

She moaned loudly as I filled her, and then she thrust against me. I let her writhe for a minute before I began to move. I held her in place as I slowly and gently stroked in and out of her pussy. She was tight and wet, and the more I thrust, the more aroused I became. I started to pump harder, going as deep into her as I could.

I was really getting into the fucking, and I slammed my hips harder against Nikki's. She let out a low, pleased moan, but I heard another noise, too. I turned my head and looked over at Annie. She was getting nailed doggie-style, her favorite position, and it was clear she was enjoying it. Her head was hanging down while Matt plowed into her from behind, but each time he reached around to play with her clit or hit just the right spot with his dick, she threw her head back and cried out in ecstasy. I had no doubt she was going to climax soon, and I wanted to get Nikki off by the time Matt made my girlfriend come.

I fucked Nikki even harder. She was panting and gasping and moaning the whole time, but when I felt her cunt start to spasm around my dick, I knew she was almost there. I continued thrusting into her, grinding my hips against hers with each stroke. Once I'd built up a rhythm that allowed me to easily go from thrusting to grinding to thrusting again, it didn't take long to get Nikki off.

As I felt Nikki's cunt grip and release my dick, I glanced over to get one more look at my girlfriend. She'd climaxed while I was focused on Nikki, but when I looked over, she was still on her hands and knees on the floor, with fresh come dripping out of her pussy. It was the single hottest thing I'd ever seen, and it set me off, making me come as I thrust into Nikki's cunt.

After we finished, Nikki's legs dropped from my waist and I leaned into her. We rested for a few moments, panting almost in sync with Annie and Matt, and then we went at it again. My girlfriend definitely planned a great getaway, and I can't wait to see what's next!—S.C., *New Mexico*



■ A SPANKING GOOD TIME

Once a month, my in-laws have all the grandkids stay at their house for the weekend, leaving the parents free from Friday evening till Sunday dinner. We joke that it's their way of ensuring there will be additional grandchildren, but seriously, my husband and I really enjoy being able to indulge our sexual appetites without worrying about being heard by the kids, so we screw all over the house, walk around nude or in our underwear, and use our toys.

This Saturday morning, I was in the mood for something special. When my husband went to the kitchen to make pancakes, instead of going to make the rest of breakfast, I washed up, put on my favorite super-short nightie and panties, and went back to bed. When Dave came to see what was keeping me, I was in bed, lying on my stomach with one hand across my butt and between my legs.

"What the hell, Janie?" Dave said, and the deep, almost angry tone of his voice got my cunt wet. I'd hoped he'd realize what game I was playing.

"I don't feel like getting up yet, and you can't make me!" I whined, pouting my lips for full effect. I love to play the slutty brat who needs to be disciplined.

"Like hell I can't, you little bitch," Dave growled, swatting my hand away from my pussy. "If you don't get up now, I'll have to spank you."

"You wouldn't dare!"

"Janie, get your ass out of that bed right now, or I'll teach you what happens to girls who sit around playing with themselves instead of taking care of their husbands."

I lay there, still pouting, silently begging Dave to carry out his threat. As always, he didn't disappoint. He reached between my legs, grabbed my pelvis, and yanked my ass up in the air till I was on my knees. Another gush of liquid flowed from my cunt, and I knew Dave could feel it on his wrist. That made me happy, because when he knows I'm really turned on, he uses a heavier hand.

Dave ran his hand back and forth across my ass, before pulling back and smacking each cheek twice, just warm-up slaps. "Are you ready to get up, Janie?"

"Fuck off, Dave!"

"Did you just tell me to fuck off, Janie? You know that means you get more than my hand!"

"Fuck you, Dave!"

Dave brought his hand down hard—really hard—on each cheek, making my ass jiggle and my pussy clench. Then he reached for my chin with his other hand. He pulled my head back, turning me to look at him, and grinned, saying, "You know you're going to pay for that, you brat."

"Bring it on, buddy. Or are you trying to punish me verbally?"

Dave brought his hand down hard—really hard—on each cheek, making my ass jiggle and my pussy clench.

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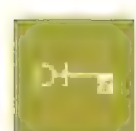


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Dave's grin widened and he let go of my chin. "You're going to regret that, little girl. Now you get the strap." He moved away from the bed to get his belt, leaving me shivering with anticipation. My pussy was begging for attention, and I snuck my hand between my legs to rub my clit, happy to know that it would get me more smacks from the belt.

Sure enough, when Dave came back and saw my fingers in my pussy, he pushed my hand away. "Oh, no, you don't. That cunt is mine for the rest of the day." Then he ran the doubled-over belt in his hand across my ass, teasing me with the cool leather, before crisscrossing my sweet spot a half-dozen times, each swat more deliciously hard than the last. I was moaning in ecstasy with each strike, so close to climax already that I could barely stand it.

Dave ran his hand along my slit and my whole body shuddered. "Who does this cunt belong to, Janie? Who owns your orgasm?"

I thought for a second about defying him further, but I desperately wanted to come. "It's yours, Dave. Always yours. Please make me come."

As he teased my clit, he said, "I don't know if you've learned your lesson yet, Janie. You know that bad girls who need to be disciplined don't get to come."

"Please, Dave, I'll do anything for you if you let me come."

"Anything, Janie?" He thrust three fingers deep into my dripping cunt and fucked me for a minute before pulling them out completely.

I whimpered at the emptiness of my pussy and cried out, "Yes, Dave, anything!"

Dave pushed his fingers back into my cunt, rubbed his thumb on my clit, and brought our small flogger down on my ass, alternating cheeks in time with his thrusting fingers. I came hard and rode it out on Dave's hand, sliding right into a second orgasm as he continued fingering and flogging me.

As I caught my breath, Dave took off his boxers and pushed his dick into my pussy with one sharp thrust. After a second, he pulled out almost all the way and slammed back into me, then did it again, before he began pounding in and out, hard and fast. He fucked me so violently that my tits were bouncing wildly against the smooth sheets, causing my nipples to harden even more.

After a few minutes, I had another massive climax, and as my cunt



milked Dave's cock, he came, too. We both collapsed, Dave's body heavy and solid on my back, and he whispered, "You told me you'd do anything, Janie."

I chuckled and said, "What do you want this time, Dave?"

"You know when I went fishing the other day? The can of worms spilled in the cooler and it needs to be cleaned out."

"Damn, Dave, that was last weekend! It's got to be a hardened mess by now. I think you owe me at least one more orgasm."

"Okay, babe, let me go cook the pancakes, since I knew earlier you were going to hold up breakfast. You take care of everything else, and then I'll eat my food off your ass. The butter and syrup will lube you up nicely, and I'll get you off a few more times."

For the record, I was very well-lubed, and even more well-fucked, by the time I cleaned out the cooler.—
J.W., South Carolina

DOUBLE DIP

Ayla and I spend the morning hiking up to our favorite lake. Of course, watching Ayla's ass ahead of me on the trail fuels my imagination and I have sex on my mind the whole time, but once we reach our favorite spot, being able to drop all our gear is enough relief for me for the moment. Ayla, however, immediately strips.

"I'm going in," she announces. "We can set up later. Right now all I want is to feel that water on my skin." I don't argue. It's the middle of the day, crazy hot, and the lake looks so appealing.

The mountain water feels fantastic. As I swim, Ayla dives, coming up behind me and throwing an arm over my shoulder. I spin to hold her. Ayla's breasts mash into my chest as we tread water, our bodies pressed together. Unable to resist, I dip under till my lips find her nipples, hard in the cold water. I suck one into my mouth. Ayla's hand cradles my head, holding me as I suck harder before coming

By Andy Greenwald

back to the surface.

"Wow!" she exclaims. "That feels crazy, the cold water and your hot mouth." Then, smiling wickedly, she drops, grabbing my cock as she takes it in her mouth. Ayla's tongue works over my semi-hard shaft, which is doing its best to swell to its full proportions despite the chilly water.

Ayla bursts up, laughing delightfully. I catch her hand and pull her to me, swinging her legs around my waist. Sliding my hands down, I cup her ass. In the water, it's nothing to lift her whole body, grinding her pussy along my hard dick till her opening is poised just above my cockhead. Flexing my shaft, I ease her down, feeling myself slide into her. Ayla rocks as I fill her pussy.

"Oh, babe, that's just what I was thinking," she whispers, her arms tight around my neck. Ayla's mouth finds mine, and her tongue pushes past my teeth. Then she lies back on the surface of the water and lifts her legs while I hold her ass cheeks, our only point of contact my cock in her pussy and my hands holding her up. I slide one hand to the small of her back and let the other trace over her breasts, the nipples bobbing in and out of the water. All the while I'm thrusting my hips, pulling her on and off my shaft.

Picking up the pace, the sensations overwhelming, I pound her, slamming my cock in as hard as I can against the odd resistance of the water. I feel the buildup and know I don't have long, so I thrash, thrust, yank Ayla's body, impaling her pussy on my hard pole. She starts to groan and grind, the fire in her crotch spreading. She sits up and grabs me, raising up and slamming herself down with more force, her face pressed into the crook of my neck.

I go into overdrive, thrusting into her harder and harder, and then I climax. I gasp, crying out as my cock fires off a load of come, blasting deep and filling Ayla. Her cunt is convulsing as she climaxes, too, contracting and clenching around my cock. Her vagina floods with a new warmth as her juices and my semen flow out. We hold each other as the feelings flow through us, enjoying the beautiful sunny day, then

separate to swim.

Eventually we come to shore, and after setting up camp and laying out our sleeping bags, we lie in the sun, still naked, enjoying the seclusion. I see the warm glow of Ayla's skin, and I roll up against her stomach. When I kiss her along her hip, she lets out a small moan, sending a rush of blood directly to my cock. I lick toward her navel, then up to her breasts to suck on the nipples as my hands lift, fondle, and caress every warm inch.

Ayla stretches out, head back, eyes closed, enjoying the attention as I then make my way back down her body. Finding the rise of her pubic bone, I steer to the left, licking down the crease of her leg and up to the edge of her mound. The tantalizing scent of her snatch is drawing me nearer, and I suck on one lip as my tongue works its slippery edge. I move to the other side, then up the middle to her clit, licking around the top, then under, and finally sucking it in my mouth and tonguing the whole little nub. Ayla bucks and rocks her hips as the sensations drive her pussy into orbit, and she climaxes, flailing about as I keep sucking on her clit.

As her pussy spasms and releases, I drop straight down to jam my tongue inside her. Ayla gasps in pleasure and I lap up her fresh juice, tongue-fucking her hole and spreading her legs wide so I can suck on her inner lips. I keep attacking Ayla's cunt with nonstop attention, every edge and nerve feeling my mouth, tongue, fingers. When I slip two fingers inside her she shudders, and I feel her cunt spasm again, her orgasm bursting forth.

"Holy fuck, babe," I say, "you're on a hair trigger." I wedge my face back in, licking up her center, getting everything with big, full swipes from the bottom of her slit to her clit.

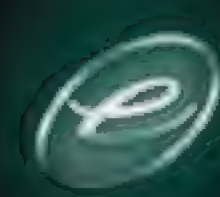
Slowly, Ayla stops shaking and I ease off. I reach over for some blankets as she raises her hips, and I slip them under her. Lifting Ayla's ass higher, I tongue her hole, rimming her backdoor as she writhes and moans. She lifts her legs till they're over my shoulders, then I rock forward and push my dick into her pussy in one thrust. I flex the shaft and feel her pussy contract in response. Pulling back, I thrust in again, using long, even strokes, out to the tip and in to the hilt. She gasps with each thrust, and when I speed up, her moans get deeper, sharper. I pound with force, slamming my cock in, jarring her body with each thrust. Her cunt spasms when she

I push in again and again as more cock penetrates her ass—two inches, three, the lube from her pussy coating my shaft.

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comes, again flailing and yelling.

I pull out and drop my cock to Ayla's asshole, pushing the head in as she whimpers in need. I feel her sphincter contract and then open as another inch of me slides in. Pulling back, I push in again and again as more cock penetrates her ass—two inches, three, the lube from her pussy coating my shaft. When my balls are shoved up tight to her cheeks, I just hold it there, deep, feeling her ass muscles adjust to the size of my cock.

I start to fuck her, watching my cockhead stretch out her tight little hole each time I shove back in, all the way to the base. Long, deep strokes in and out of her ass make the pressure in my balls build up. I go faster, with more force, picking up the pace till I'm all-out slamming her ass. Then I drop my hands down to her pussy, fingers stroking and swirling over her clit as she gives an involuntary twitch, shaking with the sensations.

My other hand moves lower, to the dripping entrance of her pussy. I roll my palm and work in a finger. It's so tight, all the room taken up by my dick in her ass. I get two fingers inside, sliding up the ridge along my shaft as they work deep inside. I curl them up, stroking her G spot, as my cock keeps driving into her rear, my other hand stroking her clit.

Ayla is totally lost in the sensations, her whole body one big erogenous zone, drunk on pleasure as it keeps climbing, building, overwhelming her, till suddenly she feels the need to let go. Her cunt explodes in a G-spot orgasm. Screaming with the intensity of it, she blasts a huge stream of liquid out of her pussy, spraying up and around my hand, coating my chest, squirting again, and then once more.

I feel my own orgasm approaching and jack up once more, my cock slamming into Ayla to the hilt. I gasp with the climax as I shoot deep into her ass. She feels my cock throb as my come coats her inside, and the strength of it triggers another climax for her. She hollers in ecstasy as her pussy contracts. Her muscles grip my fingers, spasming. We grunt, gasp, and groan.

My cock, empty but still twitching, slips out of Ayla's butt as I collapse on top of her. Her mouth finds mine and she kisses me frantically, hard and intense. "Fuck, Dean, that was fucking nuts! I've never come like that." I haven't either, but I'm sure as hell going to try to make it happen again.—D.R., Canada



■ THE EX GAMES

After I broke up with my boyfriend in a messy argument, I needed to get out of my apartment. I decided to head to a local pub. I'd just settled in on a bar stool when a guy who looked vaguely familiar sat down next to me. "You're Lori, aren't you?" he asked. "Jim's girlfriend? We met at that holiday party. I'm Brian."

I chuckled and said, "I'm Lori, but as of about an hour ago, not Jim's girlfriend."

"Ah, the post-breakup drinking binge. I'm here with some people. Why don't you join us? The girl I got fixed up with is attractive, but it's not happening between us. We could use a third party to ease the expectations."

I laughed and got up, taking my beer, and by the time the guys and their girlfriends left an hour or so later, I was relaxed, slightly tipsy, and having a great time. A few minutes later, Jim's date, a stunning redhead named Karen, asked me to come to the ladies' room with her. On the way, she asked me what the deal

was with Brian and me.

"There's no deal. We barely know each other."

"He's more into you than he is into me, that's for sure," she said, then smirked. "But I can't fault him for that. *I'm* more into you than him."

I'd been about to push open a stall door when she said that, but I stopped dead and turned to face her. She must have seen the desire in my eyes, because she pulled me toward her and kissed me. I'd never kissed a woman before, but damn! Karen ran her tongue along the seam of my lips, urging me to open my mouth, and when I did, her tongue slipped in to caress mine. My nipples peaked, my clit swelled, and my pussy juices began to flow. I was beyond seriously aroused.

Her hand slid down to my ass, pulling my hips in against hers, and she rubbed her tits against mine before breaking the kiss. "Those girls from my office are convinced I need to meet a guy," she said, "and I haven't managed to tell them I'm bisexual. And Brian seems like a nice guy, but he just doesn't have all the equipment I need to scratch my itch."

She moved back to look me in the eye again, and I'm not sure what she saw in my expression that time, but she gave me a slow and sexy smile, pushed me up against the wall, and slid one hand down my leg and up

She slipped her finger under my panties and into my slit, and it was impossible to deny she was turning me on.

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She slid a second finger into me, then a third, and when her thumb circled my clit, I came, moaning into her mouth.

my skirt. As she kissed me again, she slipped her finger under my panties and into my slit. The way my juices were flowing made it impossible to deny that she was turning me on.

Karen thrust her tongue into my mouth, matching the rhythm of her finger-fucking my cunt, and I was almost ready to come. She slid another finger into me, then a third, and when her thumb circled my clit, I came, moaning into her mouth.

After I stopped shaking, she let go of me. I whimpered and managed to squeak out, "We should get back to the table."

"You go talk to Brian," Karen said. "I'm not going to date him, so you should go for it. I'll be out in a couple of minutes."

Karen went into a stall, leaving me to smooth out my clothes and touch up my lipstick. My lips still looked freshly kissed, though, and I had no idea what I was going to say to Brian.

When I got back to the table, he

looked up, chuckled, and said, "I'll never understand how women who don't even know each other can spend so much time bonding in the ladies' room."

I sat down and laughed, sounding slightly hysterical, I think. Then I said, "It certainly isn't always the case, but the way Karen and I just bonded is the stuff of men's fantasies."

I really had his attention then, and as he stared at me, I think he realized I was still flushed from my orgasm, and my lips were swollen. "No way!" he said. "You just hooked up with my date in the ladies' room?"

I looked down, embarrassed, and he reached out for my chin, pulling my head up till I was looking at him.

"Lori, that's the hottest thing I've ever

heard," he said.

I sighed with relief and said, "Good, 'cause she also gave me the go-ahead to make a move on you."

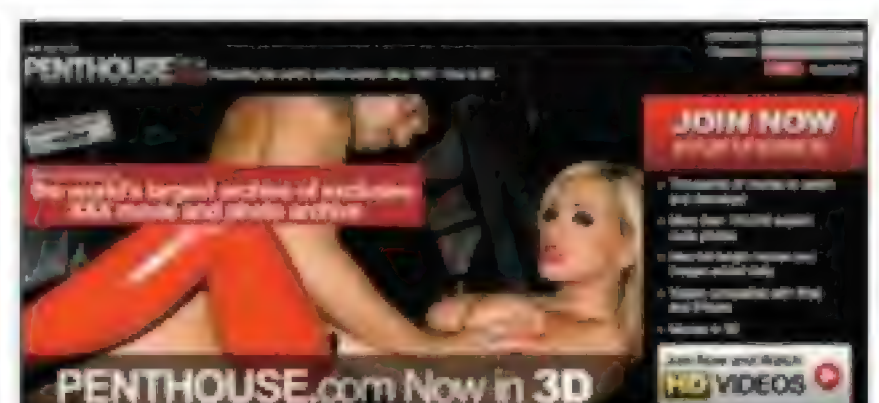
Brian laughed and answered, "Oh, thank God. I wanted to ask for your number, but I didn't know how to do it in front of her."

Just then, Karen came back to the table, told Brian it was nice to meet him, and kissed me lightly on the lips. I heard Brian gasp, then, when Karen handed me her number and said, "I hope you'll invite me to join you one night," he started laughing. After Karen walked away, he said, "Lori, running into you tonight is the best thing that's happened to me in years. Let's go get some dinner, and you can tell me all about what happened in the ladies' room."

Needless to say, Brian was pretty aroused after hearing what happened with Karen, and later he licked me to another massive orgasm before I sucked him off. We've been dating for almost three months now, and although I've spoken to Karen a few times since I called to thank her, we haven't seen each other. But she's coming to my place next weekend to celebrate our anniversary with Brian and me. I can't wait till Brian sees that she's his surprise!—L.V., South Carolina

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Ginger Glory

As we name our 2012 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, it seems like a good time to catch up with our 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Justine Joli, one of our favorite redheads, and a popular burlesque performer.

By Jennifer Peters

Justine Joli, arguably the geekiest Penthouse Pet ever, recently gave New York City's nerd population something to talk about with a burlesque number based on her favorite science-fiction show, *Doctor Who*. She played the doctor's favorite ginger girl, Amy Pond, and used some special props—including a miniaturized version of the doctor, and a nearly authentic “sonic screwdriver”—to make her story come to life, enhanced by a soundtrack of Robert Palmer's “Bad Case of Loving You.”

Justine performed with Wasabassco Burlesque, one of the longest-running burlesque shows in New York City. The troupe is known for its dancers' sex appeal, creativity, and ability to create one-of-a-kind routines. Justine fit right in.

The sylphlike Pet doesn't limit herself to sci-fi-themed performances, though. Since she began dancing with Wasabassco last summer, she's done numbers inspired by old-school jazz, classic Rat Pack numbers, and sultry pop songs. “I really just like getting naked,” Justine says. “It doesn't matter what song is playing, as long as I get to take my clothes off.”



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